THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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ANGEL'S WINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two little ones with prattle sweet,
Discussed how the angels are;
Who, both agreed, must surely live
In evening's brightest star:
Both thought them robed in spotless white,
With crowns and harps of gold,
With eyes of light and waving hair,
And beauties all untold.

"But," said the boy whose sturdy feet,
Marked time to four year's joy,
"Their wings are white, pure white, I know,
Without one sp'k's alloy;
For oft I've watched the snow-flakes fly
Upon their wings so light,
While troops on troops came floating by,
And every one was white."

"Nay," said the girl, whom eight years clothed
With wisdom great or small,
"Their wings are golden-hued I know,
They are not white at all;
For I have seen the sunbeams glance
On wings of burnished gold,
When angels brought them from the sky
To brighten wave and wold."

An elder—'twas the mother's child,
A thoughtful, earnest boy—
Spoke then: "I've pictured angels too,
Their beauty and their joy;
But not their wings, their blue boots not,
Since each of us that hand,
Hath mother's form, and mother's face,
And mother's gentle hand."

MAGGIE L. S. BURKE.

A JUST RETRIBUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

CHAPTER V.

BARBARA GOWER.

Mario Almont strode on at a rapid pace. He reached the highway and struck off from that along an unfrequented road in which weeds grew and moss crept, showing that it was but little used at present.

He was in a dark and revengeful mood.

You could have told that easily enough by a glance into his face, and the restless, impatient working of his hands, like the claws of a tiger anxious to spring upon and rend his prey.

He walked on and on.

Presently he came to an old house standing in a little clearing. There was an air of decay about it that made it resemble an aged person. The moss clung in great patches to its roof, and sweetbriers clambered up against its weatherbeaten sides. They were a perfect sheet of pink, odorous bloom now, and the old house had a quaint beauty about it, for all its traces of decay.

As Almont came opposite, a girl came out of the low doorway.

He stopped and regarded her.

She was quite young; she had a dark, passionate face like his own; a clear red shone through the olive of her cheeks; heavy, black hair framed in her face, and was fastened carelessly at the back of her head in a loose knot. She had fastened a cluster of the sweetbrier roses in the shining coil of her hair, and another at her throat.

Standing there in the low doorway, she made a pretty picture.

Mario Almont regarded her with admiration.

Suddenly she looked up and saw him. A brighter red dyed her cheeks as she met his ardent glance.

"Good-morning," he said, lifting his hat, politely. "Will you be kind enough to give me a drink?"

"Won't you come in?" she asked, shyly.

"No, thank you," he replied. "It is pleasanter here, I think."

He sat down under a tall beech tree, while she went to bring him a drink.

"A handsome girl," he said to himself. "I don't think she's seen much of the world. I must get acquainted with her. She'll help to pass away time."

She came back pretty soon with a cup brimming over with cool water. He took it and drank, and thanked her, as he gave her back the cup, with a smile that brought the blushes to her cheek.

"Sit down, please," he said, "I want to talk to you."

He was a man of the world, and he knew that this young girl was as ignorant of its ways as any one of her years could well be. This knowledge, which he gathered from her face and her surroundings, he used to good advantage, and succeeded in drawing from her her history, and a hundred little scraps of information about herself.

She was an orphan, and lived in this lonesome old house with her grandparents, who were both very old. She had never had any of the advantages which most young ladies of her age had. She had never spent a night away from the old house in her life. She lived on in this lonesome, isolated way year after year, and had got used to her tireless life.

"It is a shame for you to spend your life in this way," Almont said. "You are beautiful; do you know it, Barbara Gower?"

Her cheeks were rivals to the roses in her hair. She smiled in pleasure at the flattery.

"I am stopping at the Elms, Mr. Carhart's place," he said. "You must let me come and see you again."

In the will of this man, wise in the evil wisdom of the world, she was but a child. The world was a myth to her. All she knew of it had been learned from her grandparents and her books.

"I shall be glad to have you come," she said frankly. "I get very lonesome sometimes."

"I shall be sure to come," he answered, with a smile that charmed her as the serpent charms the dove. "Good-morning, now."

He struck off across the belt of timber opposite the house, and in a few minutes was in sight of the Elms.

"I can use this path when I go to see Barbara Gower," he said with a wicked smile. "I don't think she will refuse my attentions as Olive Carhart has done."

ALMONT MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF BARBARA GOWER.

The next morning Mario Almont met Olive in the hall.

"I wish to apologize to you for my conduct yesterday," he said. "I am sorry that I let my temper run away with me. Forget it if you can."

"I shall be glad to," she answered, giving him her hand. "I was sure you would see how hasty you were, when you came to look at the matter in a more reasonable light."

"I was hasty," he said. "I see it now. We will let the matter drop between us."

The Cuban did not offer any apology to Allyn Sherwood. He was not hypocrite enough to dissemble the hatred he felt toward his fortunate rival. There was no show of friendship between them on either side.

Sherwood did not expect nor ask any apology. He felt only contempt for the man who could so far forget himself as Almont had done in his conduct. He desired no favors from him. He merely wished him to attend to his own business, and annoy Olive no longer with his unwelcome attentions.

"I think he ought to understand by this time the state of your feelings toward him," Sherwood said. "I am sure you told him what they were, plainly enough. He will most likely let you alone in future."

"I am afraid that he will do you some mischief," said Olive with a troubled face.

"I don't anticipate any trouble from him," was Sherwood's reply. "I don't see that he can effect anything."

"I don't know" said Olive, thoughtfully. "He is not the kind of a man to let a grudge go by without making an attempt to settle it in his own way. I wish he had never come here. The first time I saw him I felt a strange dread of him; a kind of fear; and since what has happened between you and him, I feel more dread of him than ever."

"Don't borrow any trouble, Olive," Allyn said tenderly, "It comes of its own accord soon enough."

How true it is that we often speak words at random which are full of a strange prophetic meaning.

For trouble was coming that neither of them could foresee. Trouble which would shut down about them like the shadows of night, and hide them in a darkness that held no glimmer of star or moon.

The days went by: Almont withdrew his attentions from Olive, and seemed to have given up the hope he had of winning her. Evidently the odds were too great against him. Gradually the dread Olive had entertained of him grew less, and she began to think that she might have misjudged him.

It was like the lull before the storm. For Mario Almont had not forgotten; he was biding his time.

Barbara Gower learned to watch for his coming with a strange eagerness. In the long summer days she was learning the lesson of love. It was a pleasant lesson to learn, with Mario Almont for her teacher. In her ignorance of the world and the men in it, she thought him a man to be trusted—brave, noble, true!

And so the days went by, and August came.

CHAPTER VI.

A CRY IN THE NIGHT!

The August night shut down dark and gloomy. The sky was full of gray, sombre clouds. The wind blew and shivered in the elm trees about the house, and sobbed and moaned like a live thing at the windows, as if for admittance.

The air was full of a promise of rain. The day had been dull and lonesome, and foreboded a storm.

The library was the pleasantest room in the whole house, and Mr. Carhart had ordered a fire built in the wide fire-place, for the night was chilly, and thither he invited his guests.

The flames leaped and flickered over the great log which had been used as a foundation for the fire, and danced about in odd, grotesque shapes, throwing strange, fantastic figures on the wall, and making the shadows hide in the corners of the room. It was like a weird witch dance.

They were all there except Allyn Sherwood. He had gone down to the village that afternoon and had not returned.

A strange depression seemed to have fallen over them. But little was said by any one. Even Charlie was silent.

The wind wailed drearily among the branches, and died away like a sob of pain.

"Ugh! what a lonesome night," Olive said with a shiver, getting up and going to the window.

She lifted a curtain and looked out. The sky was dark with clouds still. At intervals the wind broke them up into jagged masses and dispersed them, and at such times the moon shone out with a faint glimmer and threw a ghostly light over the landscape.

"Suppose we try a game of chess?" proposed Brent Lisle, as Olive came back to her chair. "It may help to relieve the monotony which seems to have got possession of the evening."

Olive assented to the proposition, and Lisle got the board and they sat down to the game, which was to be the last act of his earthly life.

They placed the men, and the game began.

An utter silence fell, save for the crackle of the flames and the tap of the man as they moved them on the chess-board.

"Checkmate!"

Olive swept her queen into position and the game was done.

Brent Lisle shut up the board and laid it by.

"Yes, the game is done," he said, getting up. "The game is done."

He repeated the words as if they had some meaning to him, not understood by any one else. Perhaps some dim shadow of what was so near at hand forced itself in upon his mind.

He went out, and they heard him go down the hall, open the front door and go down the steps.

Senor Mario Almont got up and left the room shortly after, and they heard him go up-stairs to his own room.

Still the wind wailed on, and once in a while great drops of rain pattered on the window-pane.

"I don't see what has become of Sherwood," Charlie said; "he'll get a wetting if he doesn't look out."

"Perhaps it looks so much like rain that he'll stay in the village over night," suggested Mr. Carhart.

"Like enough," answered Charlie, and began to whistle. The sound seemed so hollow and loud in the stillness that he soon gave up in despair, and fell to studying the fire intently.

The old clock in the corner ticked on with slow monotony. The fire died down, and the room grew full of shadows. In the faint light which the embers gave out, you might easily have fancied it a room full of ghostly, phantom shapes, on whose lips the seal of silence had been set forever.

Suddenly, through the oppressing stillness which brooded in the room, a sharp report broke from the darkness without, and close behind it came a cry, a wild, awful cry, full of intense, dreadful pain. It rang out in the stillness with terrible distinctness.

They sprang to their feet with white, terrified faces, and looked at each other mutely, and listened.

Once more the cry reached them, but fainter than before, and seeming farther away.

"What is it?" cried Lucia, with white lips. "It sounded like Brent's voice."

"Something has happened to him," cried Mr. Carhart. "I will go and see!"

He started to go out, and they all followed him.

"You had better go back," he said. "It may be something worse than you think for."

"I can't stay here!" cried Lucia. "I know it was Brent's voice, and I am going with you."

He did not stop to argue the question farther, but hurried out on his search for—they knew not what.

In the hall they were overtaken by Mario Almont whom they had heard coming down the stairs as they came out of the library.

"You heard those cries?" he said, as he came up to them. "What were they?"

"I don't know," answered Mr. Carhart. "We're going to find out if we can!"

They went down the steps with an awful fear oppressing them.

"It was from that direction that the cries came," said Lucia, pointing toward a cluster of elm trees to the left of the house.

"I think you are right," said Mr. Carhart. "Let us go that way."

They groped their way along slowly in the darkness.

Suddenly the clouds parted, and the moon shone out with a faint radiance.

Under the elms they saw a man kneeling by something on the ground, and they hurried forward, followed by the servants who had gathered on the scene, frightened and terrified.

"This way, quick!" cried out a voice which they recognized as Allyn Sherwood's. "Brent Lisle is shot. I think he is dying."

They crowded about the scene of the tragedy, with blanched, awe-struck faces.

"Is he dead?" cried Lucia, kneeling down by her brother's side. "Brent! Brent!"

He opened his eyes with a great effort, and strove to speak.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Carhart.

Lucia lifted her brother partly up, and held him in her arms.

"What is it, Brent?" she asked. "Tell me, Brent!"

"I—am dying," he whispered, feebly. "I'm dying,—murdered."

"For God's sake, tell us who has done this deed," cried Mr. Carhart, his face full of horror.

"*Allyn Sherwood did it!*"

The dying man's voice was low and feeble, but they all heard the words he uttered.

"Allyn Sherwood!" cried Mr. Carhart, aghast. "It cannot be! There is some terrible mistake here."

The white lips of Brent Lisle strove to make reply, but they could not form the words they tried to. A quiver came over his face, his hands rose and fell, and then he grew still, and the gray pallor of death settled on his features.

"He is dead!" cried Lucia, first to notice the change. "O, Brent! my brother!"

"You heard what he said," said Mr. Carhart, turning to Sherwood. "Can you explain it?"

"Let me tell you all I know about this terrible affair," said Allyn Sherwood, standing before them pale and agitated. "I met Brent Lisle walking in the garden when I came home, and we stood here and talked for some minutes. I bought a pistol in the village, of a new pattern, and I showed it to him. Suddenly I became aware that I had lost a letter which I found at the post-office for me. I remembered having it in my pocket as I turned off the highway, and said to Brent that I would go down the road and look for it. The moon came out occasionally, and I might be able to find it. If I put off the search until morning, it might rain meanwhile. I started on the search, and had not gone far when I stumbled, and the pistol which I still held in my hand was flung from my grasp. I groped about in search of it, but failed to find it, and went on to look for the letter. As I reached the foot of the lawn I heard the report of a pistol, and then an awful cry. I turned and ran back, and found Brent Lisle here, *shot!* That is all I know about it, so help me God! Why he should say I have done this deed you know as well as I do. Before God, I swear that I am innocent of this murder."

There was something in his words and manner that impressed them with a sense of his innocence, and yet—those last terrible words of the dying man!

How could they reconcile his statement with them?

"Will some of you lift the body and bring it to the house?" asked Mr. Carhart. "Senor Almont, you and Ashmore can do it, can't you?"

Almont's face was ghastly pale. Not even the face of the dead man was whiter.

"Yes, we can do it," Charlie answered, stepping forward to perform the sad duty. "Are you ready, Almont?"

"Yes," answered the Cuban huskily, and then the two men lifted the body between them and carried it to the house, followed by the awed and silent party.

The body was placed in the parlor, and then Mr. Carhart drew Almont and Ashmore aside.

"I suppose is necessary for us to inform the proper officers of what has taken place?" he said.

"Yes," replied Almont in a strange, husky tone. "I suppose the law obliges you to do so."

"But what am I to do about—about—Sherwood?" asked Mr. Carhart in much agitation. "You heard what Lisle said?"

"Yes, I heard," answered Almont; "I don't know what you ought to do. Let the officers do what they think proper when they arrive."

"Perhaps that would be the best way," answered Mr. Carhart. "I will send for the officers immediately."

He went out, and in a few minutes a servant rode away toward the village in hot haste to summon the proper officers to the scene of the tragedy.

A terror-stricken group gathered in the library while this conference was going on. Lucia sank down entirely overcome by her sorrow. Olive and Kate tried to comfort her; but as usual, such comfort was little better than a mockery.

Allyn Sherwood stood apart from them, his mind full of conflicting emotions. Branded as a murderer by the dying words of the man who lay in the silence of death in the next room! It seemed to him that he must be the victim of a terrible dream.

"Allyn!" Olive came up to him and put her hand in his, "I do not believe you are guilty of this crime," she said. "I never will."

"I am not," he said, earnestly. "I know only what I have already told. I thank you, darling, for your faith in me, and trust it will all come right."

And then he bent and kissed her tenderly.

CHAPTER VII.

ARRESTED FOR MURDER.

The old clock in the library struck eleven and then twelve, while they waited for the return of the messenger Mr. Carhart had sent to the village.

Shortly after twelve the clatter of hoofs was heard on the carriage drive, and Mr. Carhart went down to meet the officers who had obeyed his summons.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," he said, as they came in. "This is truly a painful business."

"We have been unable to make out much about it from the rather incoherent story your messenger told us," answered the chief officer. "He said a murder had been committed, and that you had sent for us to come and take charge of the affair."

Mr. Carhart briefly related the facts of the case.

"I leave it entirely in your hands," he said. "You can do as you think proper about it. I never was concerned in an affair of this kind before, and know nothing about the steps to be taken. I suppose there are certain legal forms to be gone through with. As officers of the law you probably are acquainted with them, and are therefore the proper persons to attend to the matter.

The officers consulted together.

"We have decided that, taking into consideration the facts you have just related to us, it becomes our duty to arrest this Sherwood, and hold him for examination. Of course an inquest must be held on the body. I will summon a coroner at once, and have the matter attended to the first thing in the morning."

"Very well, gentlemen," answered Mr. Carhart. "Do as you think best."

And then, Allyn Sherwood was arrested for the murder of Brent Lisle, and taken in custody by the officers.

Never was so long a night before. No one thought of trying to sleep for a moment. Olive paced up and down the library with a face from which every vestige of color had gone out. She tried to think, but her brain was in too swift a whirl of excitement. She seemed to be in a horrible dream.

Lucia sat apart from the others, and tried to realize that her brother lay dead in the next room. Dead! It could not be—and yet she had seen the shadow of death fall on his face while she held him on her bosom.

Mario Almont was perhaps the quietest person of the whole of them. There was something strange and unnatural in his quiet. He did not speak save in answer to their questions, and then in as few words as possible. Only once did the shadow lift from his face. That was when the officers came in and arrested Allyn Sherwood. Then for a moment, a flash of triumph leaped into his eyes.

The night wore slowly away, with its gloom without and its darker gloom within.

And by and by morning came, dull, gray, and lowering.

But with the vanishing night, the shadow did not lift from the household.

And that strange, awful shadow was still there in the quiet, darkened room—the shadow a vanished soul had left behind it, as it took its flight—the grim, terrible shadow of death!

The coroner arrived shortly after daylight, and as soon as matters could be arranged, the inquest took place.

The result of the investigation was a verdict of wilful murder.

After the inquest the body was arranged for burial. Lucia had had telegrams sent to her friends in the city, and it was decided to await their coming before determining what to do.

That afternoon the examination was to take place.

The rumor that a murder had been committed at the Elms spread with the rapidity of wildfire, and the neighborhood was full of intense excitement.

At an early hour people crowded the parlors, and it was with difficulty that the officers of the law could make room for those most intimately concerned in the tragedy.

Allyn Sherwood came in between two officers, pale, but calm. He looked about him, bowing to his friends, and then sat down to await his examination for the murder of Brent Lisle.

The officer opened the examination by requesting Sherwood to state what he knew of the affair.

He told the same story that he had told the night before to those who found him kneeling by the side of the murdered man.

"Before God, and you, gentlemen, I swear that I am innocent of this crime," he said, solemnly, and sat down.

Then the other side of the testimony was taken.

The first person called was Mr. Grant.

Mr. Grant testified that he had sold to the prisoner on the afternoon of the previous day a pistol of a new pattern.

"Could you identify the pistol?" asked the presiding magistrate.

"I could," answered Mr. Grant. "Because there were the initials H. G.—my initials—scratched on a silver plate on the butt."

The magistrate produced a pistol and handed it to the man.

"Examine that," he said.

Mr. Grant examined it carefully.

"It is the same pistol I sold to Mr. Sherwood yesterday," he said, without any hesitation. "There are the initials of which I spoke."

Mr. Towne was then called.

Mr. Towne testified that, being an officer of the law, he had been authorized by the presiding officer to employ men and thoroughly search the scene of the tragedy. He had done so early in the morning, and in a clump of lilac bushes they had found the pistol which Mr. Grant identified as the one he had sold the prisoner. They had searched for the letter which the prisoner told of having lost, but had not succeeded in finding it.

Mr. Carhart was next called to the stand, and requested to relate the circumstances of the preceding night. He did so with minute distinctness, going over the whole of the details with faithful accuracy.

Charlie Ashmore was then asked to tell what he knew of the sorrowful events of the last few hours, and corroborated Mr. Carhart's story in every particular.

The magistrate called in Almont when Charlie sat down, and requested him to state what he knew of the affair.

The Cuban came forward with a strange paleness in his face, and took the witness' stand.

He testified that he had left the library shortly before the murder took place and gone to his room. He had been there perhaps half an hour, possibly more, when he heard the report of a pistol, and then a wild cry. He went to his window, threw up the sash, leaned out and listened, and heard the cry again, only fainter than before. He hurried down stairs and overtook the others in the hall. The remainder of his testimony was similar to that which Mr. Carhart and Ashmore had given.

He never once looked at the prisoner as he was giving in his testimony. He went over it with a hurried eagerness to have done with it, and it was evidently a great relief to him when he was allowed to sit down.

With Almont's testimony the examination closed.

Allyn Sherwood was given in charge of the officers of the law and ordered to be taken to jail to await his trial for the murder of Brent Lisle, which would take place at the next session of the court, held in October.

Olive sprang to his side and put her hands in his, her eyes luminous with love and faith, and an infinite pity on her face.

"I know you are innocent," she said. "Nothing can make me doubt you for one moment. Circumstances are against you, but *I* will work for you, Allyn."

"God bless you, my darling," he whispered. "Your faith will comfort me, next to my faith in God," and then he took her in his arms and kissed her with grave tenderness.

Some one touched him on the arm. He turned and saw Kate Ashmore standing at his side.

She put out her hand and took his in a grasp of earnest, sincere friendship.

"I do not believe you to be the guilty man that circumstances would prove you to be," she said. "I want to tell you that *I* am not against you in this time of need."

He could not guess of the deep, strong woman's love that was hidden in her heart for him, but her simple words touched him deeply.

"I thank you for your sympathy," he answered. "If I ever needed friends, I need them now, and in you and Olive I have two whom I shall often think of in my prison cell, and the memory of your brave words to me to-day will help me to be stronger and bear my trial better. I think you are the *only* friends I have left me."

For his keen glance had taken in the situation quite correctly, and he saw that most of those about him believed him to be guilty. The last words of the murdered man seemed sufficient in themselves to convict him, and the circumstantial evidence against him was strong and seemingly conclusive.

"We are ready," said the officer, stepping forward.

"I suppose I must go," he said, with a look at Mr. Carhart and Charlie who had no words of friendship and sympathy to offer; they evidently believed him guilty of the crime with which the law had charged him. "Well, good-bye." He gave Kate his hand in a parting grasp, and bent down and kissed Olive's cheek. His face was very pale, but there was no weakness of fear in it.

"Good-bye," they said, and then the officers led him away.

In the hall he met Almont. The trace of agitation had partially gone out of the Cuban's face, and a fierce exultation had taken its place. His eyes were full of scornful triumph.

Allyn Sherwood's eyes met his in a steady gaze. Almont turned white to his lips, and his eyes wavered and fell.

A swift, terrible suspicion came into Sherwood's brain. For a moment it made him almost dizzy.

"It can't be!" he said. I must be foolish to think of such a thing—and yet—"

An hour later the cell of a prison shut him in behind its bolts and bars.

The next day the friends of Brent Lisle came down from the city.

It was decided to take him home for burial; and that evening they went back to the city, taking the body with them.

And so one shadow departed from the household, and one shadow lingered over it.

And then they sat down, and tried to think of the occurrences of the last two days with calmness and deliberation. Events had gone forward with such swiftness and rapidity that there had been but little chance for them to realize the situation fully and arrive at any conclusions regarding it.

The general belief was, that Sherwood was guilty of the murder of his friend; and indeed it was not strange when the conclusive evidence against him was taken into consideration. In this belief Mr. Carhart and Charlie shared. The words of the dying man had impressed them strongly, and these, with the circumstances which the examination developed, seemed to point beyond the shadow of a doubt to the guilt of Allyn Sherwood. And yet, when they reflected on the high character Sherwood had always borne, they half-doubted the evidence of their own minds.

What object could Sherwood have had in view in committing the murder?

They could not answer that question. He had been an intimate friend of the murdered man, they had been much together, and no one had ever heard of the least difficulty between them.

It was one of these strange and incomprehensible mysteries that spring up to startle the community from its usual quiet. Murders had often been committed whose motives were hidden in a mystery as deep as that which shrouded the motives which people believed Allyn Sherwood to have been actuated by.

Almont said but little about it. The subject seemed distasteful to him, as indeed it was to all who remained at the Elms.

Kate and Charlie would have brought their visit to an abrupt close, and gone home at once, but Olive would not hear of it.

"Oh, *don't* go!" she pleaded. After what has happened, I think I should go crazy if you went away. Father believes Allyn to be guilty, and so does Senor Almont. Believing that, of course they have no sympathy with my faith in his innocence. *You* know him better, and share my faith in him. Stay with me. It will be a lonesome visit at best, but I will try to make it as pleasant for you as I can."

Thus persuaded, Kate consented to remain, and life slipped back into its old grooves as nearly as it was possible for it to do; and the days went on in the shadow which had fallen upon them so suddenly.

But life could never be quite what it was before; never again. Such bitter and terrible experiences change the currents of our thought, and make us different men and women, and in the change they bring us, life wears an aspect that it never wore before.

CHAPTER VIII.

POOR BARBARA.

"I don't see what ails Barbara. For the last day or two she's seemed like a person who doesn't exactly know what she is about."

Mrs. Gower looked over her knitting-work in the direction of her grand-daughter, as she said these words to herself. Barbara sat in the low doorway, pale and silent, with a strange shadow on her face.

"She hasn't been like the girl she was before, since this Almont got to coming to see her. I suppose he's put new ideas in her head, and likely got her dissatisfied with her way of living. But now she seems dreadful downhearted about something. I'd ask her what it was, but I don't believe she'd tell me. Lately, she keeps her affairs to herself."

The gate clicked.

Barbara looked up with a sudden eagerness, but her face fell when she saw that it was her grandfather who had opened it.

The old man came up the path, with much excitement in his face.

"I've heard awful news down to the village," he said, dropping into his arm-chair by the door. "Night before last a man was murdered over at Mr. Carhart's place."

"Mercy!" cried old Mrs. Gower. "You can't be in earnest, father."

"It's so," he answered. "It was one of them young men who was visiting there. It was the young man who was to marry Miss Olive that killed him. They've got him in jail for it."

"How horrible!" exclaimed Mrs. Gower. "Just think! It happened not a mile away from us, and we never heard a word of it till now!"

"That ain't strange at all," said Mr. Gower, wiping his face. "We live in such an out-of-the-way place that news don't get to us as it does to other folks. I don't know when I ever heard of anything so terrible before. Nobody knows what he did it for. They say there ain't the least doubt of his guilt. Why! the last thing the murdered man said was that the man they've arrested was the one who did the deed."

"What an awful thing! I can't make it seem true some way!"

Mrs. Gower looked toward Barbara. She was white as death, and her eyes had a wild, frightened look in them.

"You haven't told us which one it was of the young men who were visiting there," the old lady said. She had noticed Barbara's ghastly face, and the idea had come to her that her granddaughter feared that Almont was the murdered man.

"His name was Lisle," answered the old man.

Barbara got up and went out.

"I don't see what ails that girl," her grandmother said, looking after her with troubled face. "She's changed a great deal in the last few weeks. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I can see that," answered the old man. "I was sure it wouldn't do her any good to have that fellow coming to see her so often. He'll leave her with a sore heart, I'm afraid."

Barbara paced up and down the path with a strange restlessness upon her. The weeks had brought a new look upon her face. She seemed to have changed from girl to woman.

The last of August came. One day Olive sat in the parlor alone, touching sad minor chords on the piano. Kate was confined to her room with the headache. Olive supposed that Almont and Charlie had gone for a walk, and so she had sat down to think.

Thinking was not a very pleasant occupation of late. She thought of Allyn Sherwood under arrest for a fearful crime, and confined in a felon's cell. What would the end be? Would he be proved guilty, or would he prove his innocence?"

His innocence! With such an overwhelming weight of evidence against him, how was he to prove that he was innocent of the crime with which he had been charged?

He had no proof to bring forward of the truth of his own story. None whatever. Taking into consideration the evidence which could be produced against him, what chance did he stand of acquittal?

And if there was no hope of his being able to prove his innocence, what then?

Olive shuddered, and grew faint and sick at the prospect. There was no cheering gleam of hope ahead. Everything seemed dark.

Sherwood had communicated with a well-known lawyer, and detectives had been set at work to track up the case and see what could be made of it, but the trouble was that there was not the least clue to work from.

"I will *not* believe him guilty," Olive said, resolutely. "He never murdered Brent Lisle, never!"

A step behind her caused her to start.

She looked around and saw Senor Mario Almont.

"I thought you had gone with Charlie," she said.

"I started, but came back again," he answered, taking a seat near her.

She turned to the piano and struck a few plaintive bars of melody. But her heart was not in the music, and she let her hands fall on the keys listlessly. A jangled discord sounded through the room.

"Olive," he said, suddenly, getting up and beginning to pace up and down the room, "I want to ask you to reconsider the answer you gave me when I told you that I loved you, and asked you to be my wife."

She looked up and met his passionate glance. It made her shiver in spite of herself.

"I gave you my answer then," she replied "I have seen no reason for changing it since."

"But, circumstances have taken place which make your position entirely different from the position in which you were placed at that time."

"How?" she asked.

"You are asking an unnecessary question, I think," he said. "The shocking events of the last week or two certainly have wrought important changes in your affairs, as well as in the affairs of Allyn Sherwood. You must comprehend that."

"I think I understand you," she answered. You mean that, because Allyn Sherwood has been charged with a crime of which I believed him to be innocent, my position assumes a new aspect, and you feel free to press your suit. Is it that?"

"Yes," he answered. "Of course you can hardly expect to be the wife of Allyn Sherwood after what has happened?"

"I am Allyn Sherwood's promised wife," she replied proudly. "I believe him to be entirely guiltless, and believing that, I am bound to him as much as I ever was."

"Guiltless!" he sneered. "I cannot see how you *can* believe that, after looking over the great mass of evidence against him, and the entire lack of testimony in his favor. He has absolutely nothing to produce as proof of his innocence. It would seem that the words of Brent Lisle were sufficient to convict him without another atom of evidence brought against him. Most people seem to consider that enough to prove his guilt."

Olive's face was very pale. She could not deny the force of Almont's argument.

"I admit that appearances are against him," she said, "but I do not, I cannot believe him to be guilty."

"And you still consider yourself bound by the promise you gave him before this affair took place?"

"Yes," she answered. "Since I do not believe him guilty, I have no cause to retract my word. It seems more binding upon me than before. He is in trouble, and I should prove myself unworthy of his love, or the love of any true man, if I were to desert him now."

"And your answer is the same to me that it was before?"

"My answer is the same to you that it was before," she replied firmly.

"And nothing can induce you to change it?"

"No," she answered impatiently.

"I am rich: have you thought of that?" he asked.

"No;" she replied, a hot flush of irritation rising to her face. "And I do not care to now. It would not influence my decision in the least if I were to think of it for a week. I have told you that I do not love you, and I could not be the wife of a man I did not love if I were free to choose. I tell you again that there is no use in your thinking of changing my mind by any argument you can bring forward. My answer would be the same if I had never seen Allyn Sherwood. I hope the matter may be permitted to end here. If you have the regard for me you talk of, you will not mention it again."

He came close to her, and stopped in his restless walk.

"I love you too well to give you up so easily," he said, excitedly. "Your northern blood is cold and slow; mine is hot, and fierce, and love is something that will not be controlled by a mere effort of the will. You cannot guess how much I would dare for your sake."

"I shall listen to you no longer."

She got up and walked toward the door.

"Olive!" he cried, stepping before her and detaining her, "think of what have said, and do not be so cold, so cruel! Perhaps you do not realize yet how completely lost Sherwood is to you. No jury would acquit him. He is as surely doomed to die a felon's death as if the verdict of guilty were already pronounced against him. Think of that."

She grew dizzy at the awful words. "A felon's death!" She staggered, and would have fallen, but he caught her in his arms.

"Let me go!" she said, with a pitiful look in her eyes. "Let me go. It is you who are cruel. You do not know how you are torturing me."

"Forgive me if I pain you," he said, releasing her, "but it is for your sake that I have said what I have. For your sake, Olive. When you think of the matter in its true light you will see that you must be mistaken in your belief of Sherwood's innocence. He is a murderer—an assassin!"

"Stop!" she cried, so suddenly that he recoiled before her. Her eyes fairly blazed with excitement, her face glowed with a brave and loyal devotion. "Stop! I will not listen to such words longer. I have faith in Allyn Sherwood, and I will be true to him, *even unto death!*"

Senor Almont grew white with rage. His eyes seemed full of scintillating fire. He made an attempt to speak, but she turned and walked haughtily from the room, leaving him baffled and discomfited.

"Beware, Olive Carhart!" he hissed after her, a dangerous look coming into his face. "I swear I will never give up the game in this way, never! If I cannot win you in one way I will try another—and, if I cannot win you in *any* way, *I can hate you!*"

To a person of his nature it was but a step from love to hate.

He went out, and struck off across the fields toward the Gower's. Barbara was standing at the gate when he came in sight.

She met him with a strange agitation in her manner. She was pale, as if something had frightened her, and seemed to shrink away from his touch, and yet there was a strange yearning in her face as she looked up and met his glance. It was as if he repelled and attracted her at the same time.

"What's the matter?" he asked, noticing her strange agitation.

"I—I don't feel quite well to-day, she answered. "It's nothing. You haven't been here for several days."

"No; I could not get away," he answered. "You have heard of what has happened, I suppose?"

He seemed to be intent on reaching a cluster of honeysuckles which grew beyond his reach, and kept his face turned away.

"Yes, I heard," she answered with a shiver, and looking at him with a sort of fear in her eyes, a curious look in her face.

He looked down and met her gaze. "What makes you look at me in that way?" he asked. "You look scared—frightened!"

"It was so horrible!" she said, with another shiver. "It frightens me to think of it!"

And after that she was more silent than he had ever seen her before; there was an odd scared look in her eyes all the time. He failed to understand it.

Poor Barbara!

CHAPTER IX.

THE LETTER.

Mr. Carhart was sitting in the library next morning with a thoughtful look on his face when Olive came in.

Her face was grave and troubled. She had evidently passed a sleepless night.

From the bottom of his heart he pitied her. He knew that the love she had held for Allyn Sherwood was strong and deep, and this sorrow which had come upon her was hard to be borne.

"You are not looking well this morning," he said, getting up and placing her a chair. "The excitement of the last few days has been too much for you, I am afraid."

She sat down wearily.

"No, it isn't that," she said, after a little silence.

"What is it?" he questioned with kind solicitude.

"It's the fear *of what may be!*" she cried, an ashy pallor settling over her face. "Oh, father! what if Allyn should be convicted?"

He did not make her any reply. There could be but one answer to such a question, and he knew that her own heart told her only too truly what it was.

"Do you think he will be?" she asked, with a shudder.

"I am afraid he will," her father answered. "I have been thinking it all over this morning. I have gone over the matter calmly and deliberately, and I see no chance for him to escape from the penalty of the law."

"And you believe him to be guilty?" she questioned.

"Yes," he answered, "I do. I have weighed the evidence against him carefully, and without any prejudice. God knows, Olive, I would be the last person in the world to set myself against Allyn Sherwood. In the face of all the evidence against him I cannot rid myself of the conviction that he is guilty of the crime with which he has been charged. What his motive was in committing such a terrible deed, I cannot tell. We may never know."

She got up and went out slowly.

"Poor girl! I pity her!" he said, looking after her. "I wish she could forget him, but she will not."

Shortly after that Senor Almont came in. Mr. Carhart motioned him to a seat.

"I met Olive in the hall," he said, as he sat down. "She seems to feel the arrest of Sherwood keenly."

"Yes; I am sorry to see that it affects her so," answered Mr. Carhart. "She does not believe him guilty, and she sees no way for him to prove his innocence."

"It is strange indeed that she can believe him innocent," said Almont.

"I suppose her love for him blinds her reason and her better judgment," answered Mr. Carhart. "Sometimes I find myself doubting his guilt, and then I think of the damning proof against him, and I am forced to conclude that he is indeed guilty; I wish I could believe otherwise."

A silence fell about them; evidently an embarrassing one to Almont.

At length he spoke—

"It is a delicate matter that I wish to talk about," he said, "but I desire to know your opinion. I love Olive, and have since the first time I saw her. Perhaps you are aware of this," he added.

"Olive has told me something about it," replied Mr. Carhart.

"I presumed so," went on Almont. "As you probably know, I told her of my regard for her, and she informed me that she could not return it. I think that her engagement to Sherwood prevented her from looking upon my suit as favorably as she might have done had circumstances been different from what they were. Sherwood evidently had a great influence over her. Yesterday I renewed my suit, and asked her to think favorably of it. I thought that perhaps the circumstances which have transpired might have effected a change in her views regarding my proposal."

"Well?" questioned Mr. Carhart.

"She refused me again, and gave me to understand that her decision was irrevocable."

"She probably gave you satisfactory reasons for her decision?" said Mr. Carhart not understanding what Almont was expecting of him regarding the matter.

"She considers herself in honor bound to keep her promise to Allyn Sherwood," replied Almont.

"That cannot be," said Mr. Carhart, decidedly. "Of course I could never consent for her to link her fortunes with those of a man whom I cannot help believing guilty of a fearful crime. If he should succeed in proving himself innocent of the charge against him, I should have no objection to their marriage, for I have always believed Allyn Sherwood to be a worthy young man, one whom I would not have hesitated to trust with my child's future happiness. But that there is the least possibility of his proving his innocence I do not see."

"I fully agree with you," was Almont's reply. "He is guilty, and will be proved so. Feeling assured of this, as you confess you do, I ask permission of you to push my suit with your daughter, and dare to ask your assistance in the matter."

"You are asking an impossibility," answered Mr. Carhart. "My daughter's future concerns herself more nearly than it does any one else. She must make her own choice regarding it. You tell me that she does not favor your proposal. If she does not see fit to accept you of her own free will, I shall not try to influence her. I leave the matter entirely with herself. I feel that I have no right to dictate to her regarding it."

"And I am to understand that I may expect no help from you?"

"None whatever," answered the old man. "I do not believe in interfering in matters of this kind in the way you propose. If you can win my daughter, well and good. If she refuses, understand that I have had nothing to do with it in any way. No matter what my own interests were, they should not be brought to influence her in the least in making a choice like this."

Mario Almont's wooing did not seem to prosper, and he came to the conclusion that he must try some other means of accomplishing the desired end.

A letter was handed to Mr. Carhart next morning at the breakfast-table.

He read it through, and a troubled, perplexed look came over his face as he thrust it back into its envelope and laid it down beside his plate.

He seemed unusually thoughtful and abstracted after that, and hardly spoke during the remainder of the meal.

He begged to be excused before the others left the table, and withdrew.

Olive's eyes followed him as he left the room with a look of questioning keenness. She evidently had some idea what the contents of the letter was.

In going to his room after breakfast, Mario Almont found a letter in the hall. Picking it up, he saw that it was the same letter Mr. Carhart had received that morning.

He looked about him. No one was in sight.

He drew the letter from its envelope, and read it through hurriedly.

It was as follows:—

"372 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK,
"Sept. 1st, 18—.

"MR. CARHART: Dear Sir—You will recollect that I told you the last time you were in town, that I thought I should not need the money you were owing me when the time came for the mortgage I hold of your estate to expire.

"At that time I thought I could get along without it. Since then I have lost heavily in some real estate speculations in which I was engaged, and as I have one or two large payments to meet shortly, I need the money very much. I hope you will forward it to me as soon as possible, if you can possibly procure it for me.

"If you *cannot* procure the money, I can sell the mortgage, which expires on the 5th of the present month, to some one who may be willing to have it extended; in that case, you would have a chance to look about you, and see what you could do before it came due.

"Hoping to hear from you immediately,
I am Yours, very truly,
"AMBROSE SHERRILL."

A crafty, sinister gleam shot into Almont's eyes.

"Ah!" he whispered, exultingly, "luck is in my favor. I think I see a chance to turn this knowledge to advantage."

He heard a door open down the hall; he had barely time to thrust the letter back into its envelope, drop it where he had found it, and make a retreat into the parlor, when Olive came that way.

She saw the letter and picked it up.

"This is the one father got this morning," she said, looking at the address. "He must have dropped it."

She passed on and entered the library.

Almont stepped noiselessly to the partition between the two room, and listened.

"Did you lose this letter, father," asked Olive. "I found it in the hall."

"I must have done so," Almont heard her father answer. "I had not missed it yet. It is about the mortgage."

"I thought so," Olive answered. "What does Sherrill write?"

"He wants money, badly. If I can not furnish any, he suggests that he can sell the mortgage to some one who can pay him at once, and who will wait on me until I can look about. I wonder what ever tempted me to take part in that speculation?"

"You can not furnish the money he wants?" Olive asked.

"No," was the reply. "Things have not turned out as I expected them to. Everything has seemed to work against me for the past year. The only way out of the difficulty at present, is to let him sell the mortgage. He must have the money, of course. I shall write to him to find a purchaser for it at once, and ask him to sell it to some person who can afford to wait on me."

"Ah, Senor Almont—are you meditating?"

The Cuban started, while a guilty flush rose to his face, as Charlie entered the room.

"Yes, I *was* thinking," he answered.

That afternoon Mario Almont left the Elms, and went down to the city to spend a day or two.

"It is rather dull here," he said, to Mr. Carhart, as he announced his intention of going. "A change will do me good. I have a little business to attend to, too—and I shall be killing two birds with one stone."

"I have a letter that I would like to have you post for me when you get to town," said Mr. Carhart. "It is necessary that it should reach the person for whom it is intended as soon as possible; and if you will be so kind as to post it for me, there will be no delay."

"With pleasure," answered Almont, while a glitter of triumphant gratification sparkled in his eyes.

When he was on board the train, bound city-ward, he drew the letter from his pocket, opened it, and made himself master of its contents.

A gratified smile played about his mouth as he read it.

Then he tore it into fragments, and tossed them out of the car-window. The wind blew them in a shower far and wide, like snow-flakes.

"I am decidedly in luck," he thought, as the train sped on. "Luck was against me at the beginning of the game—but it has changed, and the fortunate cards are mine now. If I play my hand well, I shall win the game yet, in spite of them."

"*What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*"

Almont started as if he had been struck, and turned a white, scared face in the direction of the speaker.

It was a little child, standing beside his mother's knee, and reading from a Testament which he held.

"Pshaw! what a fool I am!" said Almont, turning resolutely about and trying to put the words out of his mind.

But they haunted him all the way to town. He could not get rid of the feeling of insecurity and fear which they gave him.

It was after dark before he reached the city. He went to a hotel and took lodgings for a day or two, and then strolled out to take a look at the town.

The next morning he prepared to transact his business.

He went to 372 Fourth Avenue, and solicited an interview with Mr. Sherrill.

Mr. Sherrill was at home, and soon came down to meet his visitor.

After a little preliminary conversation Almont introduced his business.

"You hold a mortgage against Mr. Carhart of Westfield, I believe," he said.

Yes; Mr. Sherrill held a mortgage against that gentleman.

"Mr. Carhart received your letter yesterday," went on the Cuban. "He is unable to meet your request for money at present. Being a friend of his, and having money at my command, I determined to buy this mortgage and settle with Mr. Carhart whenever it became convenient for us to do so. It was on this business that I came to see you this morning."

"Mr. Carhart is agreeable to such an arrangement of course?" said Sherrill, questioningly.

"Certainly," answered Almont. "You will see that I could never have known anything about the matter if I had not been in his confidence."

"No, of course not," answered Mr. Sherrill. "That fact is quite evident. I am glad that I can dispose of the mortgage to some one who will not press Mr. Carhart, but give him time to arrange his matters. If I were to foreclose he would be absolutely homeless. He understands business but little better than a child, and was led into speculation by persons who managed to feather their own nests pretty well. I am glad that you happen to be in a situation to assist my friend at the present time. Very glad, indeed. I should not have pressed him so closely, but I have debts which *must* be met, and I had no other way to look for a lift out of my difficulty."

Two hours later Senor Mario Almont held the mortgage of the Elms in his possession.

The game was getting decidedly interesting.

On the fifth of September, Almont returned from the city.

On the afternoon of that day he requested an interview with Mr. Carhart.

"I shall be at liberty at three o'clock," replied Mr. Carhart. "Come to the library at that hour."

At three o'clock Almont presented himself. Mr. Carhart laid aside his book as his visitor entered, and gave him his attention.

"I have come to talk with you about a matter on which we have already held some discussion," said Almont, somewhat at a loss how to begin.

"Eh?" Mr. Carhart looked up in some astonishment. "You do not refer to the conversation regarding your attachment for my daughter?"

"I do," answered the Cuban. "It is on that subject that I wish to talk with you this afternoon."

"I think it will be wasting time," answered Mr. Carhart, coldly, a trifle of annoyance making itself perceptible in his face.

"I trust that I can produce an argument which will lead you to reconsider your former decision regarding the matter," remarked Almont, meaningly.

"I think not," replied the old man, with decision. "As I told you then, if you could win my daughter with her own full and free consent, she is yours; otherwise not. I have talked with her about the matter during the last two days, and I find that she is firm in her determination of standing up for Sherwood, and remaining true to the promise she gave him."

"She has romantic conceptions of her duty it seems to me," sneered Almont.

"I do not think she is actuated by any romantic ideas," replied Mr. Carhart. "On the contrary, I think she acts from a conscientious sense of truth and honor; she loves Sherwood with a true and devoted love, and she fully believes him to be an innocent man."

"If she looked the matter fairly in the face, without prejudice, how *could* she consider him innocent?" asked Almont.

"I do not say that her love for Sherwood does not blind her, and prejudice her against the belief in his guilt," answered Mr. Carhart. "Looking at the case from my standpoint, he is guilty. She thinks differently; and since she thinks as she does, I consider that she does her womanly nature justice in not turning against him in his time of trouble. If she believed him guilty, she would have no sympathy for him beyond that of pity for his sin. I am sure of that."

"And you will not use your influence to help me in obtaining her consent to become my wife?"

"Most assuredly not," replied Mr. Carhart. "Even if she considered herself free, I would not."

"You *must!*"

Mario Almont's tone was hard and cold; his eyes had a steely glitter in them, and his face was full of a cruel purpose.

"*Must?*"

Mr. Carhart repeated the word in surprise, and looked at Almont searchingly. "You forget yourself, sir; I shall not allow myself to be dictated to in the matter by you, nor by any one. I have told you my views regarding it, and you can accept them as unchangeable."

"But I have *not* forgotten myself," answered Almont, firmly. "I think I have means at my control which will lead you to reconsider your decision, and secure me your assistance."

"I will hear no more of this," cried Mr. Carhart, with dignity. "I have listened too long already. You are my guest, and I would treat you with courtesy, but your present conduct forfeits my respect. Please consider the conversation ended not only for the present, but for all time to come."

The Cuban drew his chair a little nearer his host, and spoke in a cold, deliberate tone.

"I believe you have, after to-day, no lawful right to this estate. Am I true in that belief?"

Mr. Carhart's face exhibited some surprise; but he answered quietly:

"I do not choose to discuss my business affairs with you, and, therefore, decline to answer any questions."

Almont's face flushed with impatience.

"Very well," he replied, "if you do not see fit to answer my question I shall not oblige you to. I happen to know exactly how the case stands, and I have a proposition to make you regarding it. If I were to give you the paper which makes your estate the property of the man owning that paper, would you promise me your daughter's hand?"

"In other words, would I *sell* you my daughter against her will, for a certain consideration? No sir!"

Mr. Carhart rose from his chair in great excitement.

Mario Almont drew out a folded paper from his pocket. He opened it, and held it up before the old man's eyes.

"Do you see that?" he cried, with a fierce excitement in his manner. "That paper makes me master of every foot of land of this estate. Of even the roof above your head."

Mr. Carhart grew suddenly pale. He recognized the mortgage, and realized for the first time what a cruel, unscrupulous person he he had to deal with. He knew that his home was at the questionable mercy of the man before him.

"I am master here!" cried Almont with a wild exultation in his voice, and a cold glitter in his eyes. "Master! do you hear *that?* If, in one week, Olive Carhart consents to become my wife, this paper shall be yours. If she does not, I swear I will turn you out into the world, and I will follow you with my hate. You have a great influence over her, and you can help me if you will. If not, you must accept the consequences."

"Sir!" Mr. Carhart's voice rang like steel, and his eyes flamed with scorn, "I would sooner go homeless to the end of my days than see my daughter the wife of a man who could stoop to such low means to attain his end. You have my answer. Do your worst."

"I accept the challenge," answered Almont, and, bowing, left the room.

CHAPTER X.

A STRANGE COMPACT.

Senor Mario Almont reached the hall-door just as Olive and Kate came up the steps. They had been to the village. He half-suspected what the object of their visit had been.

Later in the evening he learned that they had been to the jail and asked permission to visit Allyn Sherwood; but the keeper had refused to admit them, saying that he had been ordered to admit no one except they had a pass—the reason of this was, that people were stirred to such an excitement about the murder that had been committed, that they feared he would be helped to make his escape, and the general opinion was so strong against him that extra precautions were considered necessary to guard against the possibility of his defrauding justice of its due.

Almont watched his opportunity and succeeded in having a few words with Olive, before they separated for the night.

Charlie was not present, and Kate went out in search of a lost handkerchief. They were alone.

"I have one more appeal to make," he said, coming near, and speaking in low tones. "I give you one chance to recall your decision, and in case you refuse to do so, the alternative is this: I hold in my possession the mortgage of your father's property which makes me virtually master here. If you still refuse to accept my offer, I will foreclose, and you will be homeless and a wanderer. You understand?"

"And you pretend to *love* me!" she cried, with scornful face and flashing eyes. "To *love* me, and you threaten to do this!"

"I *do* love you," he said; "it may seem strange to you, but my love for you has compelled me to resort to these measures."

"I want no such love," she answered, coldly. "I will be forced to be no man's wife. If I had never seen Allyn Sherwood, if my heart were wholly free, I would not marry you. I could never marry a man whom I do not respect, and I do *not* respect you!"

His face was livid with rage. His hands trembled with the excitement which controlled him.

"Beware!" he said, threateningly. "You have not thought of what the consequences may be, if you still persist in your refusal. Think, before you decide."

"I might think for a lifetime, and my mind would be unchanged," she cried. "I would work my fingers to the bone for a crust of bread to keep me from starvation, and sleep anywhere that night overtook me, sooner than be your wife."

"But your father," said Almont, with a mocking smile; "have you thought of him? Could he live on a crust of bread? He is an old man—a man who has been used all his days to the luxuries of life. If he were to go out into the world, homeless, almost penniless, what kind of an effect do you think it would have on him? He is not able to work. What would become of him?"

"I would work for him!" she answered scornfully. "I would *beg*, if need be!"

A mocking smile curled his lip.

"Beg!" he laughed. "Work! what could you do to gain a living for yourself and him? You could earn but the merest pittance. You would starve."

"I would starve then," she answered, firmly. "That would be preferable to being your wife."

"I give you one week to make up your mind in," he said, ignoring her last words.

"My mind is made up *now*," she cried springing from her chair in her excitement. "How many times must I tell you that I will never change it? I scorn you! I despise you! I loathe you! Senor Mario Almont, *who killed Brent Lisle?*"

He uttered a hoarse cry and sprang to his feet confronting her. His face was pallid with awful fear. His hands worked convulsively. His eyes had a strange, cowed look in them.

For her life she could not tell what put the words in her mouth. It was by some sudden, mysterious impulse that she uttered them. As she saw their effect on the man before her, a swift suspicion flashed across her mind like lightning. Once or twice it had come to her before, but not with the force with which it did then, as she looked into his scared, blanched face.

"What makes you ask me such a question as that?" he cried, with ashy lips. "Allyn Sherwood killed him. You *know* he did, but you will not confess it."

"I do not know any such thing," she answered. "I *do* know that he is innocent. He was incapable of committing such a fearful crime. Though circumstances were blacker about him than they are, I would not doubt his honor and his innocence for one moment."

Her face was full of a lofty heroism; there was something noble and womanly in her manner.

"You will *begin* to believe when they hang him," he answered, partially recovered from the effect of her strange question. "Remember, I give you a week to think of it in."

For answer she gave him a scornful, withering flash of her indignant eyes, and left the room.

It was a beautiful night. The air was warm and balmy, and the moon shone with a subdued silver radiance.

Olive could not sleep. She sat by her window after going to her room, but she was too restless to lie down.

By and by she got up and threw on a shawl and went noiselessly down stairs, and passed out at a side door into the grounds at the left of the house. Perhaps a walk in the evening air would quiet her.

She paced up and down the paths restlessly, thinking, thinking!

The old saying that "misfortunes never come singly," was verifying itself in her case.

What should she do? She asked herself the question, knowing all the while that she had but one answer for it. "Better death than be the wife of Mario Almont," she cried impulsively. "Yes, I would die before I would marry him."

Something shadowy moved nearer to the path a little way ahead.

Olive continued to pace up and down, and the shadow crouched in the shade of some shrubbery and listened.

As Olive came near the clump of bushes, her foot turned on some pebble or stone in the path, and she fell.

She strove to rise, but her fall seemed to have wrenched her ankle, and she could not support her weight on it.

She caught at the bushes for assistance, and then she saw the woman crouching behind them.

A cry of fright rose to her lips.

"Who are you?" she exclaimed. "What are you after here?"

The shadowy form stirred when it found that it was discovered, and got up.

"It is I, Barbara Gower," was the reply, in a frightened voice.

"Why, Barbara!" cried Olive, "you here at this time of night, and alone?"

"Yes; I ain't afraid," answered Barbara. "I couldn't sleep, so I might as well be walking about, I suppose."

"Perhaps something of the same restless mood affected both of us," said Olive, trying

again to gain her feet. "I wish you'd help me up, Barbara. I can stand well enough when I am up, I think."

Barbara helped her to rise, and she found that her ankle had suffered nothing severer than a wrench.

"I—I heard you say something just a little while ago about Senor Mario Almont," said Barbara, with a painful effort to appear at ease. "I have seen him a good many times this summer."

"Ah!" Olive looked at her keenly, and in the moonlight she saw a vivid flush of color stain the girl's pale face. "I hope he has not tried to win your friendship, Barbara," Olive said, earnestly. "He is not a man worthy of any true woman's friendship, I think."

The girl's face was strangely agitated.

"I—I wish you would tell me what you meant a little while ago when you said that you'd sooner die than marry him."

Barbara's voice was full of a repressed excitement.

Olive looked at her questioningly.

"Don't think me impertinent," pleaded the girl. "It isn't because I want to know anything about your affairs, but—but"

She dropped her eyes, while a scarlet flush stained her face, and did not finish the sentence.

"I will tell you," answered Olive. "Senor Almont asked me to marry him. I refused him. That was some weeks ago. Since—since the arrest of Allyn Sherwood"—here her voice faltered a little—"he has renewed his suit, and I have again refused him. Now he threatens, if I do not consent to marry him within one week, to turn us out of house and home. I loathe him, and I would prefer death to a marriage with him. That was what I meant."

"My God! Are you telling me the truth?" gasped Barbara Gower, her face white and ghastly in the moonlight. "I cannot believe it. You must be mistaken."

"It is the truth," answered Olive so earnestly that the girl could not doubt. "Barbara, what is Mario Almont to you?"

"Don't!"

The girl put up her hand as if the question hurt her. She shivered like a leaf in the wind.

"Prove it to me!" she said at last, hoarsely. "Prove to me, so that there will be no chance for me to doubt, that Mario Almont wants you to marry him, and that all the pretty promises he has made me are false, and I promise you I will tell you a secret that you would give perhaps your life to know. *Prove* this to me, and *I will tell you who killed Lisle!*"

Olive clutched at the bushes for support. She wondered if she heard aright.

"Say that again," she said. "I hardly think I understand you."

"*Prove* to me that Mario Almont does *not intend to marry me*, and I will tell you who killed Lisle."

Barbara spoke slowly and distinctly, a deep excitement throbbing through her voice, and showing itself in her eyes.

"Girl!" cried Olive, clutching her by the arm in a passionate frenzy of hope, "do you know who did that deed? Tell me! *Tell me*, for if you *do* know, I will *force* your secret from you if you will not reveal it otherwise. I *know* it was not Allyn Sherwood."

"It was *not* Allyn Sherwood," answered Barbara. "I will tell you that, but I will tell you nothing more until you prove to me what I have asked you to. *I know* who the real murderer was, and if *you* would know, you must fulfil your part of the compact."

"I will! I will!" cried Olive, her face full of a wild, eager light. "Let me think:" She thought for a minute or two, and then said: "I will ask Senor Almont to walk here with me to-morrow night, and I will prove to you that what I have said is true, if you will be somewhere about to listen."

"I will be here," answered Barbara. "And I will meet you here by the oak tree near the road after the interview is over; and then I will tell you, if I consider that you have proved Mario Almont to be the false man you tell me he is, the secret you are so anxious to know, and how I came by it. Ask him about me. You know what I mean. I'm going now. Grandmother may waken up and want something, and I shall be missed. I will be sure to be here to-morrow night."

She turned and sped away in the shadows of the shrubbery, and Olive went back slowly to the house, a wild, ecstatic hope throbbing in her bosom.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

QUESTION FOR DISCUSSION.

A correspondent wishes us to act as a referee in a long-standing difference between a couple of eminent gentlemen, named respectively Webster and Worcester, relative to the application of the term "monkey" to a part of the machinery of a pile-driver. One party, it appears, claims that the word belongs to the weight which falls upon the head of the pile, while the other says that it is applied to the catch which descends and grapples the weight. We regret that the question, "What is a monkey?" has been precipitated upon us encumbered with the conflicting views of others. We have seen monkeys of various kinds in various places, and doing a variety of things, and have flattered ourselves that what we know about monkeys was sufficient to carry us through all the hard questions that ought to be asked. We have been to the menagerie and studied them in their happy-family arrangements; we have seen them in the garb of humanity, deprived of freedom, and forced to take part in an *organized* system of beggary, and we have read of them in their native wilds "skipping from bough to bough," and amusing themselves by dropping cocoanuts upon the heads of tourists; but it has never been our fortune to see, read of, or hear of, before, a monkey on a pile-driver. None of the menageries which we have attended ever had a pile-driver; none of the Italian *organizations* wherein monkeys have been employed have used pile-drivers, and neither in our examinations of natural history, nor our recollections of the tales of travellers, have we ever heard of any allusion to pile-drivers in connection with the subject of monkeys. If, after investigating the operation of the pile-driving monkey, we are able to give an intelligible answer to our correspondent's inquiry, we shall do so, though we should prefer to refer him at once to Professor Agassiz for light on the subject. But this is not all. Our interlocutor wishes a direct expression of opinion concerning the merits of these two gentlemen, and the value of their productions. We have heretofore avoided giving such an opinion, but at the risk of losing many of our subscribers, we will say that we have always deemed W——r infinitely superior to W——r in every respect.—*Exchange.*

☞ The passion for notoriety in these degenerate days leads people into very strange conduct. A girl up in Montgomery County, lately concocted a story about a lover who insisted upon her marrying him at the point of a pistol, and finally shot at her, inflicting only a slight wound in the arm. It was ascertained that the lover was a myth, and that she inflicted the wound herself, and told the story to create a sensation.

☞ "Kikero" or "Sisero" is the issue in Chillicothe, Ohio. Professor Dowd, the principal of one of the public schools, required the pupils to say "Kikero," whereupon divers of the parents rebelled, and demanded that their children should be allowed to say "Sisero." "Kikero" is said to be without doubt the way the old Roman orator pronounced his name—but then, if he had lived in these days, he doubtless would have known better.

RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Algernon Edwards, only son of Hon. J. C. Edwards, ex-M. C., and brother of the wealthy Mrs. Carlton, was standing in the French window of Mrs. Carlton's country residence, looking pensively out upon the June landscape.

Mr. Algernon Edwards was handsome, and no one was better aware of the fact than himself. He was well-educated, versed in society ways, and would heir his father's goodly property. He had studied law, but had not the ambition or energy to set up in practice. He was a young man of ease and pleasure, spending his winters in society, and his summers at the watering-places.

But this summer he was spending in retirement at his sister's quiet country residence. There were two reasons for his doing so. One was that his mother had died the preceding March, and he was not in a mood for the gay watering resorts. Another reason was, that his betrothed, Miss Alicia Gerald had gone abroad with her parents, and consequently the sea-side would not possess its usual charm. So he went down to his sister's elegant, but retired country-seat in May, to remain until October, when his betrothed would return. It was rather dull at first, but he managed to find ways and means of enjoyment before many weeks. There was a little lake where he could row about in a pretty boat of his sister's. There was a trout stream, but a mile distant. There were wild birds he could hunt in the surrounding groves and fields, there were books in his sister's library, and there was a piano in her parlor. And just outside the iron fence which marked the domains of Carlton House, stood a tiny cottage, in which lived the sweetest little fairy that it had ever been Algernon Edwards's luck to amuse himself with.

Her mother, Mrs. Grafton, was a widow. They had been quite wealthy once, so Effie told Algernon, before her papa died. But there came a dreadful crash, and they lost everything, and it gave her papa the brain fever, and he died and left them with little or nothing. So they came away from the city, and their costly home went to creditors, and they took this little bird-cage of a house, and Mrs. Grafton took in sewing, and Effie did embroidery, or made tatting for sale, and had taught the village school the winter before. They had a garden, and a man to care for it, and so they lived very quietly, and made the best of their reduced circumstances.

"Very pleasant people," Mrs. Carlton called them, when her brother made inquiries concerning them. "Mrs. Grafton is quite a lady, and Effie a most sweet child. I have no objection to your calling there, but really Algernon you must not play the gallant to Effie. She is perfectly innocent and confiding, and would not understand that your attentions meant nothing. I know you of old, Algernon, and you have caused heartaches enough without adding this sweet, unsophisticated child to your list of victims. Now you are betrothed, I think you should stop flirting."

The handsome Algernon listened complacently to his sister's remarks. He told himself that she was correct. He *had* been a dreadful flirt; he had caused many a heart to flutter without cause. Wrong, decidedly cruel, but how could he help being handsome and fascinating. How could he hinder girls from falling in love with him? As for this little country child, he presumed he should call at her home, and perhaps play a game of croquet with her occasionally, but he had no particular fancy for children, and had never manifested a partiality for country children especially. So he told his sister, from which she inferred that he would not consider it worth his while, or to his taste, to carry on a flirtation with her little neighbor.

But Algernon had not seen Effie Grafton then. He saw her a few days later. She came to bring home a piece of embroidery she had been doing for Mrs. Carlton, and Algernon saw her from the window of his room. A tiny, fairy figure, clothed in lawn, with the daintiest of hands and feet, and the sweetest, sauciest of faces. Brown hair, gray-brown eyes, and cheeks like peaches. Judging from appearances she could not be more than seventeen, (though she *was* nineteen,) and Algernon made up his mind then and there, that she would be a very pleasant companion for summer afternoons, and straightway descended to the sitting-room where he found his sister and Miss Effie seated.

Effie blushed beautifully, and barely gave him one shy glance from her long, sweet eyes upon being introduced, and soon took her departure. But from that hour the acquaintance progressed, and Algernon was soon quite at home in the cosey cottage.

He utterly disregarded his sister's warning, and was at his old game again. "No use," he said when she playfully remonstrated, "I must have some one to chat and visit with. I shall not commit myself, sister mine, and if she chooses to take all my compliments in earnest it will not be my fault."

Mrs. Carlton looked at her handsome brother and sighed. That graceful figure, that aristocratic face, that soft voice could not but work sorrow to the impressible heart of innocent Effie Grafton. Yet it was not *her* business to warn her, and if Algernon wanted to while away the summer by a flirtation with this country child, she wasn't going to put any obstacle in his way.

And so Algernon stood looking out upon the June landscape with his dark, dreamy eyes that had wrought such dire disaster with many a heart, and down in the front yard of the Graftons he saw a petite figure walking among the croquet balls and hoops.

"She sees me, and wants to have me play a game with her," yawned Algernon. "Poor child, I have not been near her to-day." And he strolled down the path and toward the Grafton cottage, smiling complacently.

Effie gave a little start and blush when she heard the gate click, and then drooped her long lashes over her almond-shaped eyes when she saw who was coming.

"How perfectly transparent," thought Algernon. "She cannot hide a single emotion of her heart, dear child."

They played croquet for half an hour, and then Effie told Algernon she really could not waste any more time. She must go to her tatting.

"Bring it out and sit under the maple," he said. "You can work just as well there."

So she brought out her tatting shuttle, and sat down on a low bench under the big maple, Algernon at her side. How her dainty fingers flew, making loops and clover leaves. He leaned upon his elbow and watched her. She bent low over her work, once or twice shyly lifting her eyes to his, and blushing beautifully.

"What are you thinking about," she asked at length, "that you keep so quiet?"

He smiled meaningly. "Shall I tell you?" he asked.

"Why yes, I would like to know."

"I was thinking, then, how pleasant it would be to sit at your side forever, and watch your face in all its sweet, flower-like changes."

She bent her face lower over her work to hide her blushes, he knew. Dear child, no one had ever said such things to her before, he thought. After all was it quite right for him to amuse himself at her expense?

"Mother tells me that men are great flatterers and deceivers," Effie said, gently. "That they do not mean what they say. But I do not think all men are so."

"No, indeed," responded Algernon. "No more than all women are coquettes and flirts. There are women in this world, who only smile and make themselves fair to win men's hearts, and then cast them away, but all women are not so."

"Oh how *could* a woman do such a thing?" cried Effie, with a shocked countenance. "How can any woman appear to feel what she does not, only to give a man pain? How dreadful such things are."

"Very dreadful, dear child, but there are many such people in this world. I have seen many such, and you cannot understand how refreshing it is to a man of society to find a perfect child of nature, like yourself. It makes him feel that there *is* something worth living and striving for in the world, after all."

"And you mean to say there are women who would give a man encouragement, and try to win his affections, only to throw them aside, Mr. Edwards? Why, how *could* any woman wrong a man so. No woman, it seems to me, should allow a man to love her, or be attentive to her, unless she desired to give him hope."

How sweetly she blushed when she said this. Algernon thought, of all the specimens of unsophisticated innocence he had ever read of or seen, she was the most perfect.

It was getting late in the afternoon. Algernon said he must go home to tea, "but," he added, "the moon is going to be full to-night, and let us improve the opportunity by a walk down to the lake, and a sail in the boat. May I call at seven?"

Effie gave her permission, and Algernon turned his steps homeward, and Effie went into the cosey cottage, and sat down at her desk and wrote a letter to a friend, pausing now and then to give vent to a delightful little giggle of merriment, which if Algernon had heard, would have set him to wondering, and had he read the letter, his wonderment would have turned to consternation.

At seven, punctually, Algernon made his appearance, and found Effie attired for her walk. They strolled leisurely down to the lake, and Algernon untied the boat, and gave Effie a seat, and sprang in beside her. A stroke of the oar sent the light bark dancing over the waters. "How very pleasant this is," sighed Effie, contentedly, rippling her fingers in the water. "I could float on forever so!" And then she turned away her blushing face for having made such a speech.

"So could I," answered Algernon, leaning nearer. "How sweet it would be to float on forever, over the sea of life, side by side as we float here."

Effie did not answer, but rippled her fingers through the waters, with downcast eyes. Algernon thought he had gone far enough for that time, and changed the conversation. They rowed for an hour, and then walked slowly back in the light of the moon. Effie held her gloves in her hand. They were brown kids, and she had worn them down to the lake, but took them off in the boat, and had not replaced them.

"I need not have worn these gloves," she said, as they sauntered back; "they have only been a bother."

"Let me carry them," suggested Algernon; "and—would you, I wonder, let me keep one? Please do. I would keep it forever, and wear it next my heart."

Effie laughed and blushed, and handed him one of her gloves.

"Poor child, she scarcely knew what to think," soliloquized Algernon, as he walked home. "She evidently supposes me very far gone to want one of her gloves, not dreaming that it is a very common act of gallantry."

He smiled to himself the next day as he put the glove away among a collection he had in his trunk. "She thinks I am wearing it over my heart, in my vest breast-pocket, I suppose," he thought. "And instead, I am tucking it away out of sight, among half a dozen others. Let me see! this lavender kid belonged to Marcia Smith; this buff to Ellen Somers. She gave it to me at the opera. This white one was—well, really, I cannot remember who gave it to me; but this dainty mauve is Alicia's. She gave it to me the evening before I proposed. And now I will add little Effie's to the collection. Poor child, what would she think if she could see them all!" And Algernon glanced in the mirror, and smiled, thinking what a captivating fellow he must be.

At that very hour, in the cottage of the Graftons, Effie was sitting over her embroidery, singing softly to herself, when her mother called from an adjoining room, "Effie, where is your other glove? I find one here upon the floor. Where shall I put it?"

Effie went to the door, laughing comically. "Put it with the half dozen odd ones in my trunk," she said. "The mate has gone into Mr. Edwards's pocket, at his urgent request."

"Oh, Effie!" sighed Mrs. Grafton. "I thought your glove bill would be very moderate in this retired place, but I find you are at your old game again. How many odd gloves does this make that you possess?"

Effie counted on her fingers. "One buff to Willis Howard, one pale green to Otis Dean, one white to Clarence Rool, one brown to Johnnie Everts, and a whole pair to Robert Winters. This makes five odd gloves that I have left, but I have the mate to the brown I gave Johnnie Everts, and I think this will match with it exactly. I will take it up and see. If so, that saves me a few dollars. I thought of telling Mr. Edwards that in my present reduced circumstances I couldn't afford to let him have a glove, but concluded it would spoil his ideal picture of unsophisticated innocence, which he imagines to have found embodied in me, and as ignorance is bliss, in his case I forbore."

She went laughing up-stairs, to find that her gloves *did* match exactly, and that she was thereby saved the expense of buying a new pair; and just at that moment Algernon was glancing in the mirror in his room, thinking what a cruelly fascinating fellow he was, and wondering what "little Effie" would think if she saw his collection of gloves.

Mrs. Carlton had told Effie early in the summer to come daily and practice upon her piano. So an hour every afternoon, or sometimes in the morning, she spent brushing up her music. One day Algernon came in while she was singing "Roy's Wife."

"That sounds familiar," he said. "I have not heard it in a year before, but I can remember of hearing Bob Winters sing that time and again."

"Who?" said Effie, turning suddenly round upon the stool.

"A friend of mine—Robert Winters. Fine fellow, and quite a musician. He is in Europe now, but is coming home this Fall, I believe. He will be of age in October, and will come into possession of a fine property then. He has been in Europe for the last year."

Effie went on singing, with just the shadow of a smile at the corner of her mouth. But Algernon did not see the smile, only the sweet, flower-like face, and pretty, graceful figure. And he was thinking that he was a mean scamp, after all, to lead her on as he was doing, and give her such a heartache as he must by leaving her without a declaration of love in the Fall. But it was too late to retreat now. She was undoubtedly as deeply in love already as she could be, and he might just as well postpone the unpleasant termination of her love-dream to the last hour—might just as well make her happy by saying tender nothings, and paying pretty compliments to the last.

He walked down to the gate with her, and leaned there, chatting a moment, when she took her departure. He picked a little flower and told her it was a forget-me-not, and gave it to her with a meaning look, and smiled to see her blush and cast her eyes down.

He imagined her hiding the flower in the bosom of her dress until she reached home, and then putting it away sacredly. Instead of that, she picked it to pieces with her slender fingers and scattered the bits in the grass as she walked home, thinking of somebody very far away.

"You are too bad, Algernon," Mrs. Carlton said to him that evening. "You are winning Effie's young affections, and she takes all your pretty speeches and tender looks in earnest. When you go away, she will expect a proposal of marriage, and will cry her pretty eyes out when she discovers that you are not in earnest. You have only four weeks to stay now, and I hope you will begin to break with her gradually, and not let the blow fall suddenly.

Perhaps Algernon might have followed his sister's advice had not a most unexpected piece of news reached him the next day. His betrothed, Miss Alicia Gerald, wrote to him that she wished to be released from her engagement. She had promised him her hand in a fit of pique, after quarrelling with a man she loved dearly. She had now met that man, made up their difficulty, and she wrote Algernon that she could not be happy as the wife of another. Of course by return mail he sent her a letter, announcing his willingness that she should follow the inclinations of her heart; and then he made up his mind that he would propose to Effie Grafton, and show the false Alicia that he was not breaking his heart over her loss.

He informed his sister of his intention. "Well," she said, "I think you might do better, Algernon. You might marry a fortune with your face and figure. But Effie comes of a good family, is a most sweet girl, and loves you dearly. You are rich enough, and I think she will make you a very good wife. Yes, Algernon, taking all things into consideration, I advise you to marry her."

Algernon betook himself to the Grafton cottage. It was a mild September day. Effie was sitting on the piazza, working at her endless tatting. Algernon drew up a chair and sat down beside her. She blushed, and cast down her eyes. "I am going away in just four weeks," he said.

She lifted up her eyes, and then dropped them in confusion.

"Are you sorry?" he asked.

"We shall miss you," she answered.

"But I shall come back again if you will let me. Will you, Effie?"

"Will I, Mr. Edwards? Why, how could I help your coming back?"

"Ah, little girl," he said, taking both hands in his, "don't you understand that I want to come back for *my wife?* I want to marry you, Effie, to take you home with me when I come again. I confess to you, since I know you in your generosity will pardon all, that I did not mean all the attentions I have given you. I was only amusing myself at the first. But I soon became interested, and now I want you for my wife. I love you, Effie, and may I come back for you this Fall?"

He drew her toward him, expecting her to fall upon his breast. But instead she drew herself away, and sat back in her chair.

"Really, Mr. Edwards," she said, "I am so taken by surprise that I scarcely know what to say."

"Taken by surprise? Why, Effie, you *must* have seen my meaning—or did you, poor child, think I was trying to win your young heart only to cast it away?"

Effie smiled, an odd little smile. "I never supposed you were trying to win my heart at all," she said. "Your attentions I took merely as those a gentleman usually bestows upon a lady whom he is thrown into daily contact with. I have been accustomed to such attentions ever since I dropped short dresses. I never imagined that you were in earnest. I am taken completely by surprise."

"But you must believe me, Effie. I want you for my wife. I love you. May I come back to claim you in the Autumn?"

"Indeed no, Mr. Edwards. I am sorry if you love me, for I cannot return your love. I regard you as a pleasant acquaintance and friend, but nothing more. I cannot be your wife."

"But, Effie, you can't, you really must not refuse me! I hope you are jesting; you *must* be jesting. I can give you wealth and position. I can place you in the best of society. You surely cannot refuse my offer, when you come to think of it seriously."

"But I tell you I cannot be your wife, Mr. Edwards. I am already betrothed, and in just six weeks from to-day I shall be the wife of the man I have been engaged to for two years. I have heard you speak of Robert Winters. Well, he is the man I am going to marry. I am very sorry that you made this proposal. I supposed you were merely amusing yourself—whiling away a dull summer—by a pleasant flirtation, as I was doing. Had I supposed for one instant that your attentions meant anything, I would have given you warning, by referring in some way to my engagement. I am really very sorry this has happened."

Every word she said aggravated and annoyed him. And this was his little piece of rustic simplicity—his unsophisticated innocent! the girl he had pitied and patronized. Why in all his life he had never met with such a consummate flirt! She had made a perfect fool of him. It would have been bad enough if he had not proposed. When he discovered that she was betrothed to Robert Winters all this time, he would have felt cheap enough, but now—why it was simply exasperating.

He left her with a cool good-bye. He went home the next week, and Mrs. Carlton was cool as an Arctic iceberg. Oh, it was too funny! Effie fairly screamed with laughter when she told it to her mother. "And he thought me so ignorant and innocent," she said. "You cannot imagine how he has patronized me, mamma. I have laughed in my sleeve, thinking how astonished he would be when he found I was engaged to Robert all this time. But I never imagined he would propose. His proposal was so condescending—so patronizing, too,—oh, it was fun to see him wilt when my answer came."

In October Robert Winters took his wife to his elegant home. She shines in society to-day. Sometimes she meets Algernon Edwards, but he is very cool indeed; and he has been known to say, that Mrs. Winters is one of the most heartless and deceitful coquettes that ever breathed. But ever since that little experience of his, Algernon has been minus a portion of his self-conceit, and Mrs. Carlton talks less about her irresistible and dangerously-fascinating brother.

☞ A Connecticut paper says: "If that accordeon artist who so assiduously practices 'Shoo Fly,' and other classical music, opposite this office, will call at the American Consul's house, Honolulu, he will be liberally rewarded."

☞ The statistician of an Eastern paper avers that the flies are so good-natured this season that a well-organized one will allow himself to be brushed off an editor's nose eighty-seven times and not show any temper.

☞ The best definition of scandal ever given, according to Arthur Helps, was that of the little girl who described it thus: "Nobody does nothing, and everybody goes on telling it everywhere." That is better than the dictionary.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ People don't get marrried any more in Terre Haute. They "nuptiate."

☞ George Francis Train, who, when a boy, committed suicide by blowing out his brains, is going to Europe.

☞ Punch is responsible for the following: Q. What is the difference between fixed stars and shooting stars?

A. The one are sum; the other darters.

☞ A load of brick passed over an Iowa boy, last week, without hurting him. He was under a bridge.

☞ "Them watermelons," indignantly retorted a side street grocer, in response to the doubts of a timid customer, "is as harmless and healthy as if they was cholera medicine itself."

☞ A Jerseyman from one of the mosquito districts is said to have applied for a patent for cast-iron counterpanes, the metal being hardened by a new process so as to be almost insect proof.

☞ A poet asks:—"Where are the dead? the vanished dead, who trod the earth that now we tread?" If we were to make a random guess, we should say the most of them are buried—though this may not be the right answer.—*Norristown Herald.*

☞ It is reported that the women of Nantucket have formed a club for the purpose of securing husbands for its members. There are ten women in that town to one man, and the idea is to raffle for the men.

☞ Barmaid—We never serve anybody who's had sufficient; you've taken too much already. Thirsty Customer—You'll 'xshchuse me, marm; I may 've 'add too mush [hic], bu' I 'aven't 'ad enough.

☞ A wife wrote to her husband, absent in California, that the longer he stayed away the better she liked him. Rather equivocal that.

☞ A man in Michigan takes to frogs for dyspepsia, four at a dose.

☞ A Memphis paper defines advertising as "a blister which draws customers."

☞ A man at Connelton, Ind., has obtained a divorce from his wife on the ground that she forced him to marry her against his will.

☞ Economy is wealth. A well regulated Newark family ate hash for breakfast in three hundred and sixty-five different styles last year, and the mother is, in consequence, enabled to blow her nose on a ninety-dollar lace handkerchief.

☞ We are informed that a "Ford county (Ill.) farmer has 300,000 bushels of corn on hand, and is happy." It makes some difference where you have your corn. We know a man who has only one corn on his foot, and he is not happy.

☞ A club of Boston ladies are hard at work endeavoring to obtain the passage of a city ordinance providing that all tobacco chewers shall be muzzled when on the street.

☞ The conductors of Pittsburg street cars are accustomed to give public notice that they cannot wait for young ladies to kiss a good-bye when they part. How envious!

☞ Mrs. Partington cannot understand why diamonds should not be considered as worth their weight in carrots. Still, being an enterprising woman, she has concluded to devote her garden to the raising of the vegetable. Learning that the king of Portugal has a yellow diamond, weighing 1690 carrots, she hopes next year to raise a crop which will enable her to become the possessor of the precious jewel.

☞ The accomplishments of a sightless man are next in order. Reading, Pennsylvania has him, but doesn't seem to appreciate the phenomenon, and leaves it for a Berks County German paper to immortalize him. He is a German, 90 years of age, keeps a tavern (which is known as Blind Hartman's,) is expert in the handling of money, and baffles all attempts to cheat him with spurious currency. He walks out alone, can point to any piece of real property in the town, and to crown all, mends clocks and repairs musical instruments.

☞ "A beautiful woman," said Fontenelle, "is the purgatory of the purse and the paradise of the eye."

☞ A young Connecticut lady was lately taken aback when her swain got upon his knees before her, and read a declaration of love which he had nicely written off.

☞ A barrel of dried apples exploded in a St. Louis store the other day, and the clerk ran bleeding from the building, crying out that he had been shot.

☞ When a man falls into a forty-feet well at Omaha, and ropes are not at hand to draw him up at once, a bottle of whisky is sent down to him as an elevator.

☞ A Paris paper tells the following story: "A Breton peasant, on his way to Paris, stopped at a barber-shop in Rambouillet. While the barber was strapping his razor, the peasant noticed a dog sitting near his chair, and staring at him fiercely. 'What is the matter with that dog?' The barber answered with an unconcerned air—'That dog is always there. You see when I cut off an ear—' 'Well?' 'Well, he eats it.'"

☞ There was one pun of Sydney Smith's that Charles Lever never tired of telling. Mrs. Grote, the wife of the distinguished historian, appeared once at a soirée with a queer sort of turban on her accomplished head. "Look at that," said Sydney; "that's the origin of the word grotesque."

☞ In Mobile there are twin-sisters who cannot be punished for any offence, because neither can be identified. Recently one of these young ladies put to flight two dog-catchers and a policeman. In court she proved to be her sister. Policeman accompanied her home to arrest the other, but, on arriving, could not tell which he had brought and which had already been there, and went away sorrowing without either.

☞ Since their only schoolma'am eloped from Green Bay, Wis., last week, the school directors have advertised for a teacher who is over forty years of age, has had the small-pox, with poor teeth, and a glass eye and wooden leg, if possible. Any girl possessing these recommendations can secure a permanent job by applying early.

☞ A grateful couple at South Bend, Indiana, who have just recovered from a serious illness, tender their thanks to the South Bend Cornet Band "for so kindly discontinuing their practice during our illness." They may well be grateful, for to the self-sacrificing spirit of that band they undoubtedly owe their recovery.

☞ A grave-digger walking into the streets of Windsor, the other day, chanced to turn and noticed two doctors walking behind him. He stopped till they passed, and then followed on behind them. "And why this?" said they. "I know my place in this procession," said he.

☞ An habitue of a Newark restaurant invariably demands of the waiter the style in which the woodcock and quail are dressed, and the quality of the new sauce for the salmon, before giving his orders for a plate of fish-balls. He calls for a napkin louder than if he intended to eat a fricasseed rhinoceros, and usually takes seven glasses of water, settles his bill with old-fashioned pennies, and stands on the stoop picking his teeth for half an hour afterward.

☞ HEART IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—Miss Avery, a telegraph operator at Stonington, was at her place for seventeen consecutive hours, after the Metis horror, sending despatches without intermission, most of which had also to be received from Watch Hill and then repeated to other points. The services of such a person at such a time are not to be compensated. Let them be remembered.

☞ A warm controversy has lately arisen in England on the subject of clergymen wearing beards.

How to Break Down Mormonism.

A Salt Lake letter says: "When the congregation was dismissed, the rustle of silks and flashing of diamonds attracted my attention, and I saw many poor Mormon women gazing with longing eyes on the rich dresses of their Gentile sisters. The contrast between saints and sinners was still further heightened by the conduct of the men. The Gentile men tucked the arms of their pretty wives under their own, and walked away with a proud air, while the Mormon women trudged off alone. How could a Mormon husband tuck the arms of half a dozen wives into his? And, if he escorted one, or even two wives, how would the rest feel? If I wanted to break down Mormonism, I would put a dozen French millinery stores in Salt Lake City, give Gen. Morrow, the military commander, $15,000 to $20,000 to entertain with during the winter, and station a strong corps of good-looking young army officers at Camp Douglas."

The Justice of the Verdict rendered by the public years ago in favor of the MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT must be apparent to all who have used that famous preparation or seen it used. Its healing influence is irresistible. The most obstinate forms of neuralgic or rheumatic disease are totally cured by it, and that in an inconceivably short space of time. External injuries or sores, whether of man or beast, as well as all equine or human maladies for which a liniment may be used, are speedily remedied by its use. Remember it is not merely a palliative but an eradicant of disease.

☞ A convict in California, having served his time, is engaged in hunting and shooting the intelligent jury that convicted him.

If you desire rosy cheeks and a complexion fair and free from Pimples, Blotches, and Eruptions, purify your blood by taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It has no equal for this purpose. 588

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;
OR,
LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.
By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming," etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords," etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being in Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($2.50), for $4.50.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

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CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED
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RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES,
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THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 21, 1872.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

Single copy, $2.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every single ($2.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

One copy of the SATURDAY EVENING POST ($2.00) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2.00) for $4.00.

TO THOSE WHO DESIRE TO GET UP CLUBS.

If you wish to get up a club for THE POST, send us your name, and we will forward you, *free of charge*, a number of specimen copies of the paper, so that, with them, you can give your neighborhood a good canvassing.

TERMS OF CLUBS. For $3.00 we will send four copies of THE POST for one year to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending the Club shall be entitled to a copy of either of our beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "One of Life's Happy Hours," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

For $10 we will send eight copies to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending this Club shall be entitled to a copy *free*, and to a copy also of either of our Premium engravings.

The senders of Clubs can afterwards add single copies at $2.00 each.

The above Clubs may be composed partly of THE POST and partly of THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired. The subscriptions to The Lady's Friend can be taken at $1.50 apiece, instead of $2.00. Thus four copies of THE POST, and four of THE LADY'S FRIEND will be sent for $14, and in the same proportion all through.

☞ No deviation allowed from our regular terms. If less money is sent, the paper will be sent for a proportionate period.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded, *in all cases*, where subscribers are entitled to and wish an engraving, to pay the expense of mailing.

Address H. PETERSON & Co.,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

PRINTERS' BLUNDERS.

"Pg," in a recent private letter, exclaims against certain blunders committed in THE POST. She says:—

"When my article about the German frau came out, I was angry enough to knock your compositor into pi. Why couldn't he let my spelling alone? Goodness gracious! don't I know how to spell? Have I studied German for ten years, and don't yet know how to spell the German of *house*? How would it sound in English to talk about the *housey-mother*? That's exactly what your ninny of a typo made me say in German, to your million of readers, by inserting an *e* into the word *Haus-Mutter*. Last spring, when I wrote you about the Cin. Convention, your printer made me spell the name of Carl Schurz wrong through a whole article, just by his rascally trying to improve on my spelling. That was bad enough, but I bore it meekly, in accordance with my gentle nature, and never said boo to a goose about it. This last one, however, is a little too strong. Isn't it? I'd thank that printer to let my orthography alone."

We are sorry for these mistakes, but to a certain extent they are almost inevitable. In the case of the House-mother, it probably arose in this way. Our compositors are good-humored and charitable men, and doubtless willing to allow a great deal to German ignorance in spelling, as, for instance, in the case of the word house. They could stand their spelling it with an *a* instead of an *o*, but when it came to leaving off the *e* in addition, so that the word would appear in all its shocking deformity as *haus*, it was evidently too much for their severe sense of propriety and of the eternal fitness of things.

The above is the only sufficient excuse that we can think of at the present moment. We do not wonder that Zig feels outraged. Such a feeling is perfectly natural and justifiable under the circumstances. And we trust that, in the future, our compositors will remember that she knows how to spell, and that if our German friends do not—that is, according to our American notions—it is not, considering the fact that they have not had the advantages of an American common school education, very greatly to be wondered at.

LAUREL HILL.

Walking through Laurel Hill the other day—the old or original Cemetery—and noticing that the grass had been allowed to grow very high in some of the inclosures, thus giving them a neglected appearance, it occurred to us to ask whether the interest of one-tenth of the money given for the lots, was regularly applied to the care and beautifying of the grounds, as provided in the respective deeds of title.

As we have reason to know that this question has been raised by other interested parties, we think it would be well for the present Trustees of the Fund in question—whoever they may be—to make a public statement of the amount of the Reserved Fund at this time, and also in regard to the annual appropriation of interest to the important purposes alluded to.

The lots in Old or North Laurel Hill, by this time, we judge, must have been nearly all disposed of; and, if we are correctly informed, the interest of the Reserved Fund derived from their sale, must be applied to the care and beautifying of that original portion alone—and cannot fairly be diverted to the improvement of the Southern, Central, or Western ground. If this be the case, we should think the sum now invested would enable the Trustees to keep the North Cemetery in the neatest and most beautiful order. Still we may be mistaken in this. And it may also be that the facts we wish as to the amount and application of the Fund have been already published. If this latter be the case, and the Trustees, or any one else, will forward us the information desired, we will publish it again in THE POST, and doubtless thus gratify a good many of the lot-holders of North Laurel Hill.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

That enterprising manager, Mr. Max Maretzek, announces that he has engaged the services of the favorite prima donnas of two continents, to form one grand troupe for the performance of Italian operas in the principal cities of the Union. Madame Pauline Lucca, (Europe's great lyric tragedienne,) Miss Clara Louisa Kellogg, (America's popular cantatrice,) Mlle. Rosine Leveille, (from the Grand Opera, Paris,) Senora Eleanor Sanz, (from Madrid,) Signor Abrugnedo, (from Madrid, Naples and Milan, whose voice "combines the power of Mazzoleni with the range of Wachtel,") Signor Vizzani, (from Her Majesty's, London,) Signor Moriami, and Signor Ronconi are among this highly-gifted musical company. For the orchestra forty-nine performers, and for the chorus sixty-eight of the best voices, selected from the opera houses of London, have been engaged. The repertoire embraces all the most popular operas, including L'Africaine, the Huguenots, Traviata, Trovatore, Linda, Martha, Fra Diavolo, &c. The season in New York will commence on September 30th; in Philadelphia on December 16th, (for two weeks;) in Baltimore on December 30th, (one week;) in Boston on January 6th, (three weeks;) in New York again February 3, (until Passion week;) in Cincinnati on April 14, (one week in Pike's Opera House;) in Louisville, April 21st, (one week;) in St. Louis, April 28th, (one week;) and in Chicago, May 5th, (two weeks;) which series will complete the engagement of Madame Lucca. The lovers of music in the above cities will doubtless be pleased to hear of such a brilliant series of operatic performances.

THE SAILOR BOY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELL BREMER.

Far down in the depths of old Ocean he sleeps,
While o'er his lone pillow the mermaiden weeps;
The bonnie brown curls that so oft I've caressed,
Lie tangled in seaweed—in coral are dressed.
Where perls of Ocean their lovely forms lave,
My loved one lies sleeping beneath the blue wave;
No requiem chanted—no funeral bell,
Save the low sobbing murmur in fairy wreathed shell—
No mountain of marble. Where my love lies at rest,
There's naught but the foam on the proud billow's crest.
No low drooping willow to bend o'er his tomb,
No cypress to shadow his grave with its gloom,
But his rest is as sweet as though kind loving hand
Had reared o'er his grave a monument grand.
Then peacefully sleep in thy dark lowly bed,
'Till the earth and the sea shall give up their dead;
Then we'll meet on the beautiful far-away shore,
The "Land o' the Leal," to part nevermore.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

CINCINNATI EXPOSITION.

OPENING DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It began September 4. Opening exercises of things are usually humbugs, and the Cincinnati Exposition did not deviate from the rule in any particular. Not the slightest. Seidensticker's—can you pronounce Seidensticker?—Seidensticker's Band played selections from somebody at 11.30 A. M., and then the president of the exposition, Major A. T. Goshorn, read an elaborately written address, which was very fine, doubtless, but doubtless nobody but the Major knows what was in it, because nobody ten feet away from the Major could hear a word of it.

And, now, you know as much about the opening exercises of the Cincinnati Exposition as anybody, except Major Goshorn. Quite enough, I should say.

There must be as much as four acres of ground covered by the Exposition buildings this year. It is tremendous. There isn't such a sight short of—nowhere. The buildings are nearly all two story too, so you can form some idea of how vast an undertaking Cincinnati has accomplished. For the first time in my life I feel proud of Cincinnati. The committee have added a new Floral Hall and new Art Hall this year. There was not room on the old grounds for all the new buildings, so they built a substantial brick structure across the street from the Exposition building, in Washington Park, and connected the new building with the rest by a wooden bridge, high up over the street, so that you cross the street in mid-air to go to Art Hall, which is the new building. Art Hall is said, beyond doubt, to contain the finest collection of pictures ever brought together in America. I will write more thereof another time, as also of the magnificent machinery in Power Hall. Arrangements for showing off the Exposition in full blast were not yet quite completed on the opening day. Notes of preparation, that is to say, swearing and hammering, resounded on all sides. But the work was near enough finished to display thousands of beautiful objects, and a few hideously ugly things. About the ugliest thing in Cincinnati greets your awe-struck gaze as you first enter the building from one of the wide doors. It is an abominable big brass-colored sheet-iron female woman with horrible pop eyes, sharp elbows, and chopped-off looking toes. I think I never saw anything so ugly in my life. She holds the world under one sheet-iron arm, and her crooked sheet-iron foot is standing upon an anchor. I dare say she's a goddess of something. Most all half-naked brass and sheet-iron females, with their hair down their backs, are goddesses. But I don't know what she's a goddess of. Ugly! O, Jupiter Ammon! A friend explains to me that this big female wasn't set up here for her beauty—I should think not—but only to show what miracles of high art are within range of sheet-iron and hammers; to demonstrate, as it were, that it is possible to hammer a big woman out of sheet-iron. I wish it wasn't possible.

A little beyond the sheet-iron female-woman you will see as much as half a 'pothecary-shop full of nasty doctors' stuffs, or doctors' nasty stuffs, I don't care which way you put it—bottles, boxes, and great jars of pills and pills, no end of pills. The Trojan horse wouldn't have held 'em. It's as good as a dose of medicine to look at 'em, all ranged around there so beautiful. You can gaze upon 'em till you get sick, if you want to; and if you are a sensitive soul, it won't be long till, involuntarily, your inwards begin to roll. Then you walk away to behold the magnificent-flowing fountain of dirty river water. There are two or three cascades in the building. The rock-work, with its green, clinging vines and feathery ferns, is beautiful as heart could desire, like a small-sized paradise, I should say, only for our everlasting dirty river water. There had been a slight rise in the Ohio just before this opening day, consequently the water was something like—mud-soup, September 4. It is clearer now again, however, and the cascades can foam and sparkle at will. There are some of the loveliest specimens you ever saw, in silver, porcelain and bronze; real bronze and imitation bronze, the difference between which two mixtures I don't know at all, and I don't think I care much if I don't. The bronzes are all representations of ancient and mediæval art, knights, goddesses, and things, one of the loveliest being Diana as a huntress, with a hound beside her. I don't think modern high art could stand it to be done up in bronze. How do you think Diana would look with a corset and bustle on?

But the lovely things in bronze and porcelain are all imported. America is a great country,—can beat creation making patent mowers and threshing machines, but she cannot make lovely things. It ought to take a little of the conceit out of us to behold, here at the Cincinnati Exposition, the almost infinite number of fine and beautiful things which America cannot make. I wonder if she ever will make them? But I noticed one department of very useful art whereof Cincinnati may feel right proud, and that is dishes, and all manner of white granite ware. Right here in Cincinnati, they design, ornament, and make entire, just as nice specimens of "iron-stone china," and all manner of dishes, as you ever saw. We can make plates and pitchers, if we can't make bronze goddesses without much clothes on. I don't admire high art, anyhow.

There was one piece of native art, however, made in New York, I understand, which I must tell you about, it was so altogether unique and lovely. It was Hiawatha in his canoe, all done in beautiful, precious silver. There is such a satisfaction in seeing folks attempt a little modern art, once in awhile. The canoe rested upon a shining pond or river, bordered along the margin with exquisite water-plants. A splendid, shining water-lily opened its white cup toward the sky, and spread its broad, bright leaves upon the silver water. Upon one of these broad leaves sat a little frog, the cunningest, tiniest creature ever you saw, looking into the water with his bright, small eyes. On the shore, a broad-backed turtle floundered among the leaves, and on among the leaves and water-lilies glided the stately canoe of Hiawatha, with the breeze just swelling its silver sail. Every detail seemed perfect, and perfectly true to nature. Except, perhaps, just one little point. Hiawatha, sitting in the stern of his canoe, enjoying a sail, looked far too small, dwarfish, in truth, in proportion to the size of his canoe. But that was all, and that wasn't much. Around the raised edge of the silver basin was engraved, in beautiful letters, the verse from Longfellow:

"All alone went Hiawatha, through the clear, transparent water,
Swift or slow he glided, veering to the right or left at pleasure."

More next time. ZIG.

ILLUSIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GLEN CAROL.

Do we not dwell amid a world peopled with them, and do we not find, almost without exception, the illusions a thousand-fold more bright, more beautiful than the realities? Youth wears, indeed, a mystic veil, and the objects viewed through it shine ever with rainbow hues. The dull, cold, hard realities surrounding us—the occurrences that to the disenchanted are tiresome and common-place—beheld through youth's trustful eyes, wear a glow and glory eclipsed by nothing else in this world! Ah! never, though year after year speed by, and we, growing old, prove sadly that our visions were visions only, can we forget their wondrous loveliness—the charm which enwrapped them, or the homage we rendered them, near or afar off! It took so little, so very little, to make the eye gleam with pleasure, the cheek to flush with pride and joy, or the heart to quicken its throbbing, in the enchanted days. Why is it that we are half-indifferent now to praise or blame? When our joys were in the distance they gleamed with a thousand roseate hues, but as they come nearer their deep tints grow pale and wan, and when at last we touch them, only shadows linger in our clasp. From time to time our illusions are dispelled. Each perished dream leaves in its stead something of distrust and bitterness; and we wonder sadly if the change is in others, or if we are changed? Has the bud, so full of promise and sweetness, developed into such acrid fruit uninviting to the eye, and nauseous to the taste? Though the veil which lent to these glimmering visions their rare loveliness be lifted, and we see, with the eyes of hardly-gained wisdom, what once we deemed so fair, now dark, common-place, and utterly devoid of a single grace—yet let us forbear to dispel the charm which encircles as with a halo, each object the eye of youth rests upon. The great world will never lie gleaming before us like an enchanted picture but once—and we shall tire sometimes of looking at the never-paling stars, seen through a mist of tears.

The flowers we gathered in the morning will be crushed and broken ere night—and night comes so soon to us all!

AN EXTRAORDINARY SWIM.

A Man who Tried to Swim from Dover to Calais.

The following is the story of the late attempt of a man named Johnson to swim from Dover to Calais:—

The astonishment of the inhabitants of Dover when, on Wednesday morning, they saw the town placarded with immense posters announcing that "J. B. Johnson, the hero of London Bridge and the champion of the world, will swim from England to France on Friday morning next, the 23d of August," may be more easily imagined than described. Many thought it was a hoax, and old salts, even allowing it was not so, considered it madness to attempt it, because it was impossible to get across, owing to the swiftness of the current that ran mid channel, and the distance they reckoned he would have to swim before he could hope to accomplish his object. To come to the facts of the case, however, it appears that a wager was laid in Leeds of £1,000 to £30, and was almost immediately doubled, that Johnson would not swim across the Channel, and in London the bets were 100 to 1 against him. Mr. Johnson is about twenty-five, and is certainly one of the best built men we have ever seen. He measures forty-five inches round the chest, and can inflate himself a great deal more. No doubt was expressed as to his ability to swim the distance; but as the terms of the bet were that he was not to come out of the water, the great question arose how the circulation of the blood was to be kept up, it being estimated that the swimmer would take at least twelve hours to perform his feat.

On Friday morning the water was "lumpy," and a message having been received that it was flowing hard at Calais, the event was postponed till Saturday morning. Early on Saturday morning there was intense excitement in the town and several thousands of persons flocked to the Admiralty Pier to witness the start. The band of the Royal Surrey Gardens arrived in Dover by the boat train, and having formed up in front of the Harp Hotel, a procession was formed, and, headed by the band, playing a lively air, Johnson, with his breast adorned with some twenty or thirty decorations, walked to the pier. The Palmerston, with Mr. Strange, Mr. Wieland and members of the press, then left, and steamed a few feet away. At twenty minutes to eleven Mr. Johnson appeared on deck, attired in bathing costume, and having ascended the paddle-box he, amidst the ringing cheers of the crowd, dived into the water in splendid style. At the stern of the steamer a small boat, containing Mr. Johnson's brother and Mr. Collard, was towed along, so that in case of necessity help was immediately at hand. Striking out to sea the swimmer soon made headway, taking some most powerful strokes, which appeared to send him at least a distance of six feet each time. Johnson kept on swimming in splendid form, and accomplished two miles in twenty minutes. He kept his pace, and at twenty minutes past eleven took his first refreshment, and at twenty minutes past twelve he again partook of refreshments. The tide had now taken him nearly off Folkestone, and he then put on such a spurt that he overhauled the steamer, which was some distance ahead of him. On reaching her he remarked he should like something to eat; and though he was neither exhausted nor tired the surgeon saw that circulation was failing, and advised him to come out. This was at a quarter to twelve A. M.; and taking this advice he got into the steamer; having swam over seven miles in an hour and five minutes. He did not appear in the least tired, but his legs were numbed. When he got all right, he actually had the pluck and desire to continue the feat; but the water being very rough it was considered a physical impossibility for him to continue his task. He then went below, and the Palmerston steamed direct for Calais, arriving at 3 P. M. Just before going into harbor Johnson appeared on deck again, and with his brother jumped into the water and performed various aquatic tricks. Having got into the town the party went to the hotel, and Johnson appeared upon the scene without showing the least signs of fatigue.

AT THY GRAVE.

Waves the soft grass at my feet;
Dost thou feel me near thee, sweet?
Though the earth upon thy face,
Holds thee close from my embrace,
Yet my spirit thine can reach,
Needs betwixt us twain no speech,
For the same soul lives in each.

Now I meet no tender eyes
Seeking mine, in soft surmise,
At some broken utterance faint,
Smile quick brightening, sigh half-spent.
Yet in some sweet hours gone by,
No responding eye to eye
Needed we for sympathy.

Love, I seem to see thee stand
Silent in a shadowy land;
With a look upon thy face
As if even in that dim place
Distant voices smote thine ears,
Memories of vanished years,
Or faint echoes of these tears.

Yet, I would not have it thus,
Then would be most piteous
Our divided lives, if thou
An imperfect bliss should'st know;
Sweet my suffering, if to thee
Death has brought the faculty
Of entire felicity.

Rather would I weep in vain,
That thou canst not share my pain,
Deem that Lethean waters roll
Softly o'er thy separate soul,
Know that a divided bliss
Makes thee careless of my kiss,
Than that thou shouldst feel distress.

Hush! I hear a low sweet sound
As of music stealing round,
Forms thy hand the thrilling chords
Into more than spoken words?
Ah! 'tis but the gathering breeze
Whispering to the budding trees,
Or the song of early bees.

Love, where art thou? Canst thou not
Hear me, or is all forgot?
Seest thou not these burning tears?
Can my words not reach thine ears?
Or betwixt my soul and thine
Has some mystery divine
Sealed a separating line?

Is it thus then after death—
Old things none remembereth?
Is the spirit henceforth clear
Of the life it gathered here?
Will our noblest longings seem
Like some dim-remembered dream
In the after-world's full beam?

Hark! the rainy wind blows loud,
Scuds above the hurrying cloud;
Hushed is all the song of bees;
Angry murmurs of the trees
Herald tempests. Silent yet
Sleepest thou—nor tear, nor fret
Troubles thee. Can I forget?

SAVED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

It was a cold and frosty night. Without, the moonlight lay in silver radiance on the white roofs of the houses, and made strange, fantastic work among the branches of the leafless trees.

Within a luxuriously furnished room in a house on a fashionable street, a man was sitting alone, writing. His face, in the lamplight, was full of strong and bitter pain. His lips worked convulsively as he wrote on, and more than once he paused to brush away a dimness from his eyes.

And this is what he wrote:

"When I first saw Alice Grayle, I loved her. She won my heart with her blue eyes and her beautiful face. I forgot that she was the child of parents whose pleasure it was to gratify her every wish: forgot that she was rich while I was poor. Loves makes us forget much that we ought not to forget: we remember the forgotten things in after life with bitterness—when it is too late to profit by the remembrance of them.

"Yes, I loved her. I can say frankly that no mercenary motive influenced me to woo and win her for my wife. I wanted her for herself alone. I had some of the old patrician blood in my veins, and bore a name that in itself was an *open sesame* to good society, consequently I was often in her company, and though there was the difference of wealth and poverty between us, I moved as her equal in social life, and felt that after all I was not presuming in daring to think of winning her.

"I think our love was mutual from the first. She had many wooers. It was a natural consequence of her beauty and her position in society that she should have. But from them all she turned to me, and I, whose worldly goods were less in value than the ring that sparkled on many a suitor's finger, won her for a wife.

"How happy we were when we were married and began our life together. Her father gave us a splendid home, and furnished it luxuriously. His daughter had been used to luxury all her days, and he could not see her give up that which he could so well afford to give her. I think if he had allowed us to begin life in a different way we should have been far happier in the coming years. I had only my salary to support the fine establishment on. It was a good one, to be sure, but hardly large enough to be in keeping with the handsome home in which we began our married life. Living in the style we did, society demanded something more of us than it did of those who could probably as well afford the manner of living we indulged in as we could, but who were wise enough to begin lower down in the social ladder and work their way up.

"I would have preferred a more humble beginning in life—something more in keeping with my means—but the thought that Alice had always been used to luxury forced itself upon my mind unpleasantly, and for her sake I resolved to work early and late to procure for her that which by her marriage with me she had in a measure given up.

"'I shall not give you anything now,' her father said to me one day, 'except this,' putting a paper into my hand as he spoke. 'It isn't much, but it's *something*, and I think it a good thing for a man, especially a *young* one, *to work*. If you *do* work, as I am sure you will, you'll carve out a fortune for yourself. When I die—why, then I may give you something more, but I'd rather you'd depend upon your own head and hands than to wait for "dead men's shoes."'

"I opened the paper and found that he had purchased me a partnership in the establishment where I had been clerk. I thanked him earnestly, and went to work with a will.

"The love I had for Alice was a constant spur to labor. I worked hard that she might not forego one luxury of her old life. She had a passion for rich laces; for diamonds, and costly dresses. Her love for the beautiful was wide and cultivated, and I felt that she could not be happy without the gratification of that love. If I had not married her, I argued, she would not have to give up those beautiful things which she had been familiar with all her life. Since she had given them up for me, I felt that I ought to work, and buy them for her, to recompense her for the sacrifice she had made in marrying a poor man. So I bought her pictures, and charming little works of art. I clothed her in fine garments, and often spent the money that ought to have been applied to my business in buying some costly article that I thought she was longing for. And always when I gave her these things her face would light up so gladly, and such a happy light would come into her eyes, that I went back to labor feeling that I was in a measure repaid for that which has cost such a terrible price in the end.

"So two years went by. And then the money-panic came on. Among the first to fail was Alice's father. His home was left with enough to support him and his wife comfortably, but it seemed a little amount compared with what he had lost.

"The house with which I was connected was an old one, and, everybody thought, reliable. It stood the shocks which shook so many houses to their centre, and finally demolished them, for a long time, and we began to hope that we should be passed by, in the whirlwind of ruin.

"But when we began to feel safe, after the long suspense and dread of hourly ruin had worn partially away, the sky darkened again, and the tempest was upon us with redoubled fury. We heard the crashing of falling houses which the world had counted as staunch as our own, and we felt that the crisis had come.

"'Every dollar of available funds must be raked up for immediate use,' the head of the firm said when its members gathered in council. 'If we can weather *this* blast, we are all right.'

"I went home that night weary, tired and half-sick with the worry and fret attendant upon the unsettled state of our business.

"Alice met me with a kiss. I wondered what she would do, if we had to give up our pleasant home for one poor and plain and humble. It would be like transplanting an exotic to the cold bleak out-door air. For her sake we *must not fail!*

"She came and nestled in my lap after dinner, and I knew by her coaxing caresses that she wanted something, and by and by she asked me for some money.

"'There's such a lovely blue silk at Dinsmore's,' she said, putting her arms about my neck, and kissing me as a child might when it pleaded for something. 'You know how well I look in blue, Rob. Well, this is just the shade I look best in. With my pearls, and that splendid old lace of mine that you gave me for a birthday present, I shall look charming, I assure you. I only want a hundred dollars.'

"Only a hundred dollars, and that might save us from ruin.

"'I know what you're thinking about,' she laughed. 'I can tell by your long face. You think I'm awfully extravagant, don't you? But *I* don't. Why, I haven't had a new dress for ever so long.'

"'But Alice,' I said, and I think it was the first time I ever remonstrated with her about any proposed purchase; 'I can hardly afford it. The financial world is in a terrible panic, and we need every dollar when the crisis comes. Even then it may be ruin.'

"'You don't mean that' she said, with another caress. 'I heard Maxwell say that your business was sure to carry you through safely, and Maxwell ought to know, being the oldest member of the firm.'

"'But there has been an unexpected run of bad luck,' I said, waveringly. 'I ought to keep every dollar I have, but—'

"'Oh, a hundred dollars won't make much difference!' said Alice, and her sweet eyes had me in their spell, and I had not the heart to say her nay. Once I opened my lips to tell her all the fearful peril that surrounded us; to give her my confidence regarding my business affairs, and show her how necessary it was that every available cent of capital should be kept for the expected emergency, but the thought came to me that she would not care to hear it, and what use to burden her with anxiety when no good would come of it? She had never sought to know anything about my business, and at present she could hardly understand the danger we were laboring under if I were to tell her all. So I thrust back the inclination to do so, and—God help me—I ruined myself and those who trusted me by giving her the money she asked for. And how could I refuse her? My darling—my poor—poor Alice! God pity both of us, but I did it because I loved you!

"When the crisis came we were short of funds. We lacked something over a hundred dollars, after everything had been gathered up from every available quarter, to meet the demands against us. For want of so small a sum as that we were going to ruin. It seems strange to think of it, but it is true. A hundred dollars stood between us and ruin. If we could bridge the gulf we were safe. But everywhere was failure and distress, and 'confusion worse confounded.' We could not look for help from those who were as bad, and even worse off than ourselves.

"What demon put the thought into my head to forge that draft for an amount that would carry us safely over the peril? I can't tell—but it haunted me like death, and I could not get rid of it. And—I signed another man's name. I drew the money that we needed—and to-day I am, in God's sight and mine, if in the sight of no one else, a dishonored man! To-morrow the draft which bears the name I forged will be presented to the man whose name it bears, and I—my God! I don't dare to think of what will become of me. It is ruin—disgrace!—better death! But oh, Alice, I did it all for you! Because I loved you, I have ruined myself and brought shame upon you. If I had that money now I could save myself, but I have no way of getting it, and for want of it I must sit down and wait for ten o'clock to-morrow, and for ruin. It isn't financial ruin. That is passed, and safely, by my dishonest act, but it is social, moral ruin. The man whose name I forged is cruel—merciless. Once the draft is in his possession I can hope for nothing from him.

"I have written this, that Alice some day may read it, and know that the disgrace I brought upon her and myself was because I loved her. It was to gratify no base, unworthy motive, but for love of you, oh, Alice, and when you read this, pity me, pity me!"

The pen fell from the writer's weary fingers, and he dropped his pale, suffering face upon the table, and was silent for a long time. His deep breathing told that nature had overcome the excitement and strain of the last few days and that he slept.

A woman came quietly into the room. She came up to the table and bent over the sleeping man.

"Poor Robert," she said, stroking his brown hair caressingly. "He is working himself sick. I wish he would let me help him."

She glanced at the writing on the table, and the last words caught her eyes. She took up the manuscript, and read it through from beginning to end, growing white as the flowers in her hair; and she trembled so that she could hardly stand, when she laid the paper down.

"My God!" she whispered with set lips, for my sake he has done this. And he never told me! If he had! If he only had!"

She clasped her hands in pitiful pain. Her face was wofully pale.

The clock ticked away steadily in the corner, and she sat there, silent, thoughtful, motionless.

"It isn't too late to save him yet," she whispered, at last. "I have led him on to the brink of ruin, and, please God, I'll save him. At least I'll *try*. Oh God, help me, help me."

She hurried to her room, and put on a bonnet and shawl. Then she took from a little Indian cabinet her jewels. They sparkled in the lamp-light like frost-crystals in the sun.

She ran down the stairs noiselessly, and out into the street. Then she hurried away uptown till she came to a jeweller's store. The lights flared out from the wide windows, and flickered over her pale, strained face as she came up the steps.

"I have brought some jewels," she said, putting them on the case before the gentleman who came to attend to her wants. "I want to sell them."

She did not comprehend very clearly what kind of a bargain she made, only that the money that would save her husband was in her possession. She hurried homeward, thinking only of how near they had been to ruin—how near they were then, at that moment, possibly. What if all this had happened too late?

She ran up the steps, and opened the door. She met her husband in the hall.

"Robert! Robert!" she cried, in a sobbing kind of way! "I read it all. I have sold my jewels, and here is money, more than you need to save yourself. Take it, and forgive me, but I didn't know—you never told me—" in a kind of incoherent way. "Oh Robert, let's begin a new life, and let me be a true wife to you, after this. I never have been."

And Robert Van Dyck was *saved*, when he had been so near to ruin; and their new life began with mutual confidence, and a better understanding of what life should be to husband and wife.

BOYISH LOVE.

One of the queerest things to think of in after life is boy love. No sooner does a boy acquire a tolerable stature than he begins to imagine himself a man, and to ape manish ways. He casts side glances at all the tall girls he may meet, becomes a regular attendant at church or meeting, carries a cane, holds his head erect, and struts a little in his walk. Presently, and how very soon he *falls* in love; yes, *falls* is the proper word, because it best indicates his happy, delirious, self-abasement. He lives now in a fairy region, somewhat collateral to the world, and yet blended somewhat inextricably with it. He perfumes his hair with fragrant oils, scatters essences over his handkerchief, and desperately shaves and anoints for a beard. He quotes poetry in which "love" and "dove," and "heart" and "dart," peculiarly predominate; and he plunges deeper in the delicious labyrinth, fancies himself filled with the divine afflatus, and suddenly breaks into a scarlet rash—of rhyme.

He feeds upon the looks of his beloved; is raised to a seventh heaven if she speaks a pleasant word; is betrayed into the most astonishing ecstacies by a smile; and is plunged into the gloomiest regions of misanthropy by a frown. He believes himself to be the most devoted lover in the world. There never was such another. There never will be. He is the one great idolater! Wealth! he despises the groveling thought. Poverty, with the adorable beloved, he rapturously apostrophises as the first of all earthly blessings; and "love in a cottage, with water and a crust," is his beau ideal paradise of dainty delights. He declares to himself, with the most solemn emphasis, that he would go through fire and water, undertake a pilgrimage to China or Kamschatka, swim storm-tossed oceans, scale impassable mountains, and face legions of bayonets, for but one sweet smile from her dear lips. He dotes upon a flower she has cast away. He cherishes her glove—a little worn at the fingers—next to his heart. He sighs like a locomotive letting off steam. He scrawls her dear name over quires of foolscap. He scornfully deprecates the attentions of other boys of his own age; cuts Peter Tibbets dead because he says that the adorable Angelina has carroty hair; and passes Harry Bell contemptuously for daring to compare "that gawky Mary Jane" with his incomparable Angelina. Happy! happy! foolish boy love! with its joys, and its hopes, and its fears; its sorrows, its jealousies, and its delights; its raptures and its tortures; its ecstatic fervors and terrible heart-burnings; its solemn ludicrousness and its intensely prosaic termination.

THE DEAD HOPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

S. B. BUCHANAN.

My heart is all shrouded in mourning,
Life's pictures are turned to the wall;
For a beautiful hope, born of misery,
Lies dead beneath sorrow's dark pall.

That hope was exquisitely lovely—
It cheered me through many a day;
Alas! that a child of the spirit,
Should die like a child of mere clay.

I mourn that no glad resurrection,
Can restore that lost hope unto me;
I weep, that the dead still so lovely,
Must be cast in oblivion's sea.

PERSONAL.

Strauss does not like American lager.

Clara Louise Kellogg has sailed for home.

The Abbe Lizst wants to come to America.

Tennyson smokes—and smokes a clay pipe.

John Bright is one of the most unostentatious of men, and rides about London in a disgraceful looking vehicle.

Gilmore has been very sick, but is convalescent at this writing.

Strauss is telling marvellous tales about the United States at home.

Jenny Lind, Clara Louise Kellogg, Nilsson, Lucca, Patti, and Parepa, all on the same evening, in London, witnessed Tietjens's performance of Cherubini's "Deux Journees." This may well be termed an array of world-renowned musical talent.

An English critic says of Madame Lucca: "Her action is warmer and more tragic than that of Nilsson; her singing has more passion and enthusiasm; less like a splendid statue of ice."

A German musician has discovered that the tone of a violin can be greatly improved by immersing the instrument in lager beer, and leaving it there until it becomes thoroughly saturated.

The process of embalming Mazzini's body is continued, notwithstanding earnest remonstrances from all quarters, and the often expressed wish of Mazzini himself that he should be buried privately. An appeal has been made to Garibaldi to interfere, apparently without effect.

Strauss will bring his orchestra to the United States in 1873.

This is not to be pooh-poohed. At the dinner given to Stanley in Paris he was accompanied by his native African boy, Kufulu, a robust lad of ten. A correspondent of the London News says, "The ebony child displayed a modest assurance and really gentlemanly manner under these trying circumstances: when he went away I saw a great many ladies in the court-yard kissing him."

The Empress Josephine was very fond of perfumes, and above all of musk. Her dressing-room at Malmaison was filled with it in spite of Napoleon's frequent remonstrances. Forty years have elapsed since her death, and the present owner of Malmaison has had the wall of that dressing-room repeatedly washed and painted; but neither scrubbing, aquafortis, nor paint has been sufficient to remove the smell of the good Empress's musk, which continues as strong as if the bottle which contained it had been but yesterday removed.

The London critics lament that Nilsson is spoiled by American adulation, and The Queen says plainly: "What is generally complained of by her most ardent admirers is the almost defiant aspect she assumes, as if the composer of the opera were a nonentity, and the conductor a mere cipher. Mlle. Nilsson is not musician enough to dictate either to M. Gounod or to Sir Michael Costa. The score of the former must be adhered to; the beat of the latter must be equally observed. The tempi are in the published score; Mlle. Nilsson has no right to prolong them or to hurry them. No prima donna, even if seconded by a Capoul, is justified in ruining one of the most intensely pathetic duos, as in that with which Gounod has been inspired in the garden scene between Faust and Marguerite."

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HARVESTING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

The little birds sang, and the orchard rang
With their cheerful notes, and the sun's rays lingered
O'er the bending tea, on grass and tree,
With yellow feet, and dewy fingered.

And down the lane the loaded wain
Came lumbering on, and the girls came after,
With tumbled hair, round faces fair,
With childish glee and merry laughter.

Young Harry Blake took the tiny rake
From the little hands of Jessie Perry,
While with look askance and sidelong glance,
At their expense the rest made merry.

And Jessie in pride left young Blake's side,
And tossed her head in a manner haughty,
But he whistled a song and sauntered along,
Though dearly he loved this maiden naughty.

The ripened grain they took from the wain,
And heaped in the barn, now running over
With the weight it bore of its garnered store,
With its new-mown hay and its fragrant clover.

And down by the well it there befel,
While the horses drank of the cooling water,
In the pale twilight all was made aright
Twixt Blake and Jessie, the farmer's daughter.

A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;

OR,

THE SECRET FEUD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A PRECIOUS SCOUNDREL.

A short silence followed this outbreak. At last Miles thrust out a deprecating hand and said:

"Gently, my lad, gently. Give some consideration to the proofs, before you deny anything out and out."

"What proofs?"

"The marriage-certificate—"

"That is a base forgery."

"The clergyman's evidence—"

Victor interrupted him a second time.

"That for the clergyman's evidence!" he exclaimed, snapping his fingers contemptuously. "He is evidently in collusion with this woman, and therefore not deserving of an honest man's consideration."

"This woman!" Honoria repeated after him, between her teeth. "He shall answer for speaking of his lawful wife in that insolent manner."

Miles took two or three hasty turns up and down the apartment, but presently came back and stationed himself by Victor's side again.

"My boy, you'd better own up to the truth," he said.

"I have nothing to acknowledge save that designing persons are trying to make me their victim."

At that Honoria caught her breath sharply, and began to wring her hands.

"You see how he persists in disowning me," she cried, in great apparent distress. "He has done nothing but mock and sneer at me from the first. He did it even in the presence of the woman who has supplanted me in his affections."

"Of course."

"And I think he would gladly have made me out a vile and low-lived creature, if he could. Oh, such infamy! such utter heartlessness!"

Miles shook his head thoughtfully. "This business is too deep for me," he muttered. "I can't even attempt to set matters right. And if you two are disposed to take my advice, you'll end all this useless talk here and now."

"It shall be ended," cried Honoria, impatiently, "by my leaving the house this instant."

She drew her scarf over her lovely shoulders, and turned to go. Miles followed her to the door, and there caught hold of her hand, and whispered with his lips close at her ear:

"Tell *me* the truth, Honoria. *Is* this man your husband?"

"Yes," she answered fiercely, and then drew quickly away from him.

Miles went back to Victor, who stood in a sort of stupor at the other end of the apartment.

"Cheer up," he said pleasantly, "there's no reason why you should look so down in the mouth. What if you *are* compelled to acknowledge Honoria? She's a beautiful woman, and many a man would be only too proud to claim her."

"But I hate her!" the poor fellow broke out, passionately. "I wish I had never seen her false, treacherous face."

"My boy, you don't know what you are saying. She's a woman of a thousand. You couldn't find a lovelier if you were to search the city through."

"Or one more artful."

"You are not complimentary."

"What can I say of her save abuse? Has she not come between me and the purest, best woman that ever lived? Has she not embittered my life—and not only mine but Dora's?"

His agitation was fearful, and Miles wisely sought to calm him.

"You are not in the mood to do her justice now, my boy. Let us speak of something else. What brought you here to-night?"

"I came to seek you."

"Of course. But did she—your mother, I mean—send you?"

"I came," he replied, evasively, "because Roundwood was getting to be odious to me. I have suffered untold horrors within its walls. Nobody trusts me—nobody believes in me there. And *so* I came to you."

Miles seemed not a little surprised to hear him speak in that strain.

"You did quite right in coming here," he said, after a pause. "You will always be welcome to the roof that covers my head, whether it be that of a hovel or a palace."

"Thank you, father."

It was the first time Victor had ever called the reprobate by that sacred name. It sounded strange and out of place to both their ears. Miles bit his lip and grew a shade whiter as he heard it.

"Never mind about giving me that title," he said, hastily. "I have never grown accustomed to it, and it jars a little,—hearing it for the first time from a man as large as I am."

"What shall I call you?"

After a minute's silence, he answered: "Miles."

"Just as you please. Miles, then, it shall be for the present."

Somehow the poor fellow felt relieved. His whole soul had revolted against calling this crime-stained wretch "father"—especially after all his mother had said to him that day. But he had feared to excite suspicion of his real motive in coming to Hook Dock by shunning the name too sedulously.

Now, Miles himself had removed all difficulties of that sort.

"I must say," the reprobate muttered, after an awkward pause, "that you followed me to this den of mine much sooner than I expected to see you."

"Misery drove me hither."

"And the miserable don't particularly care what sort of companionship they may be in, eh?"

"I don't believe they do."

Another long silence, during which Miles sat pulling nervously at his grizzled beard.

"Zounds, lad," he burst out, fiercely, at last, "why don't you tell me something of your mother? I'm not a heartless brute, if you do take me for one. I left that dear woman in a dead faint. Do give me the credit of caring whether she ever came out of it or not."

"Should I be here, sir, if she had not come out of it?"

"Of course you would not. You love your mother, my lad. Anybody with half an eye could see that."

"Yes, I do love her."

"Well enough, no doubt, to make up for having such an old sinner, whom you can only pity and despise, for your father."

He began to twitch at his beard again with the old nervous motion, and a strangely anxious expression settled upon his features.

"God forgive me," thought Victor, who was watching him closely, "if he really *is* my father, and I am base enough to play the part of a second Judas, and betray him with a kiss."

At last Miles spoke, somewhat constrainedly.

"Was she—was—was Helen—all right in her mind when she recovered her senses?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Had she given up the delusion that I was somebody else, and not the husband who deserted her so basely seventeen or eighteen years ago?"

At his wit's end for a reply, Victor returned evasively:

"My mother is not a woman to cherish delusions. *You* ought to know that, sir."

"I do know it," Miles answered, with a queer laugh.

"But, for your own good, I'd advise you to keep away from Roundwood for the present."

"Why?" eyeing the young man keenly, and leaning toward him a little.

"You gave her quite a shock, and she must have time to recover from it."

"True, true."

Miles breathed a sigh of relief, and soon began to chuckle softly to himself.

"It's deuced awkward to have the wife of your bosom turn round of a sudden and refuse to own you," he muttered. "It's deuced awkward, my lad,"

Victor answered nothing; but quietly took the hint these words were intended to convey.

"You understand," he said after a thoughtful silence, "that I have come to stay with you for the present?"

"Oh, yes. I can't offer you velvet carpets and all that sort of stuff, but you're welcome to the best I have. It won't be much like what you've been accustomed to at Roundwood, though."

"Never mind," said Victor, heartily. "Who am I, that I should fare any better than yourself?"

And then he added to himself:

"If this man is innocent of the daring imposture at which my mother hinted, I will some day make amends to him for present treachery, so help me Heaven."

Miles took up the light from the table. "Follow me," he said.

He led the way across the passage, and opened a second door a little lower down. The next instant Victor was ushered into a large, square apartment somewhat meagrely furnished.

There was a bed in one corner, a deal table near it, on which stood a despatch-box, and a small desk in the opposite corner. The floor was covered with a shabby carpet, and three or four easy chairs were ranged against the walls.

"This is my own bed-room," he said, setting down the lamp. "But I am only too happy to resign it to you for the present. Good-night, my lad, and pleasant dreams."

Before Victor could utter a single word of remonstrance, he had swung on his heel and was gone.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A SECRET QUEST.

On being left alone, Victor's gaze wandered furtively round the apartment, and he threw himself into an easy chair, while a burning blush mounted to his very forehead.

This blush was called up by the thoughts which were passing through his mind at that moment.

"I must play the part of a treacherous spy," he muttered, "and a spy upon the man who trusts me, and who has shown that trust by putting me into the very room where I am likely to learn most of the strange career he must have led in the past."

He experienced all the agony of an honest soul when compelled by circumstances to engage in a mean and cowardly act.

Would the end justify the means?

A careful review of the situation seemed to leave him no choice. His mother's peace of mind was in the scale on the one side. Her strange suspicions of Miles Rugby must be verified, and that speedily, or else set at rest forever.

On the other hand, no possible harm could come of the search he had suddenly determined to institute among the reprobate's papers and private memoranda, which, as that single searching glance had told him, he was sure to find in this room.

If he should chance to make discoveries which had no relation to the matter in hand, he was bound, by every sense of honor, to keep them a profound secret.

After a long deliberation with himself, he took up the lamp in a hand which trembled not a little, and approached the despatch-box that stood on the table.

It was securely locked.

He emptied his pockets of his own keys, and finally, to his extreme joy, found one among the number that fitted the lock.

A minute later he had the box open in his lap and was carefully examining its contents.

These consisted of papers, for the most part. There were letters, telegraphic despatches, a few bank checks, and one promissory note.

The letters were all addressed to "Miles Rugby," and bore various post-marks. Some of them had been remailed two or three times, and from different points in Europe, South America and the West Indies, indicating that he had travelled a good deal.

"He must have gone by the same *alias* for years," thought Victor. "I'm afraid I shall discover nothing to put me on the right scent."

He tumbled over the various papers, and from the bottom of the box drew up an old envelope, dirty and greased and yellow with age.

He held this envelope to the light, and with difficulty deciphered the faded and half illegible address. It ran thus—

"Reuben Raynham,
"Care of Benjamin Sykes,
"New York City."

If there had been any street and number given originally, Victor was wholly unable to make them out.

He held the dirty envelope in his hand, meditating over it, in a half-dreamy frame of mind for a long time.

"I wonder if this has any bearing on the matter in hand?" he muttered, presently. "This name is Reuben, and my father's name was Leonard. It cannot be addressed to him unless he had a middle name. And I never heard my mother speak of a Reuben Raynham."

He searched for an enclosure, which might have thrown additional light on the subject, but found none. It had probably been destroyed. There was nothing whatever to explain the address.

Foiled in this direction, he again resumed his inspection of the despatch-box. It suddenly occurred to him that there might be one or more secret pockets. Searching carefully, and pinching the lining between his thumb and finger at various points, the welcome sound of crumpling paper soon rewarded his efforts.

Guided by this, he had soon discovered the hidden receptacle in which the papers lay concealed.

There were several of them. The first he took out was a scrap of note-paper, on which some words had been hastily scrawled. Here they are—

"I have seen her to-day, and the sight of her face made a madman of me. I love her ten times more intensely than ever. But I am denied even the privilege of telling her what is passing in my heart. She is *his* wife. Oh, curse him! curse him! curse him! God help me, for I fear I shall be driven to do something desperate. I may be tempted to murder them both in this frenzy that has taken new possession of my being."

Victor looked very grave as he folded up this paper. There was no date, but its appearance indicated that it had been written many years before, for the ink was much faded.

"This Reuben, who is evidently the writer of the scrawl I have chanced upon, must be identical with my father," muttered the young man. "And the lady to whom he refers in such passionate terms is the same guilty creature who afterward fled with him."

The very next paper he took up, brought a cry of surprise and terror to Victor's lips. It ran thus—

"Kind friend, into whose hands, God willing, these lines will fall, come quickly to my relief. I write this with my blood on a leaf torn from my pocket-book. I have been shut up in a mad-house through the machinations of a fiend in human shape. Oh, in the name of all you hold dear and sacred, I entreat you to come—"

This was all; it ended there, abruptly. But, word for word, it was the same mysterious message Dora had picked up by the library door on the occasion of Miles Rugby's first visit to Roundwood.

It looked like the very same paper. Victor hastily took out his pocket-book and glanced at the receptacle, where, as he had supposed, the paper had remained, half-forgotten up to this moment.

It was empty.

This, then, was the very same paper.

When, and in what manner, had Miles regained possession of it?

The young man shuddered with dread indefinable, as he asked himself this question. Miles must have missed the paper, and shrewdly guessed what had become of it, and had cleverly managed to recover it during some one of the many visits he (Victor) had paid to Hook Dock.

Clearly, it was a paper of the first importance. It hinted at some guilty secret which Miles was very loath to have come to the light of day.

Victor realized, as he had never done before, the desperate character of the man with whom he had to deal.

"The villain!" he cried, indignantly, "to think that he should claim to be my father! I cannot, and will not believe it. My mother's instinctive horror of him was right, and this wretch, though strongly resembling the husband who deserted her so many years ago, is not the man! I am sure he is not the man."

Victor ceased to blush over the work in which he was engaged. All at once it dawned on him in the light of a duty. He had a base impostor to expose, and some poor fellow-creature's wrongs to right.

The end *did* justify the means. He no longer had a doubt of that.

He renewed the search with a zeal and recklessness which had been wanting to his movements up to this moment. Two other papers remained to be examined. The first he opened contained these few words—

"For the love of Christ, good friend, who ever you may be, come quickly to my relief. I have suffered untold tortures in this horrible place. The devils who are my keepers, have done all in their power to drive me, a sane man, mad. And they will succeed unless the good Christ speedily sends succor, and restores me to those who must have been mourning for me as for a dead man, all these years."

This was in the same hand as the other, and written in blood, as that had been.

A strange chill ran through Victor's veins as he read. Those touching sentences seemed like an appeal from the grave itself, addressed to him out of all the world. A cold perspiration broke out on his forehead. A strange fear throbbed at his heart like a dead hand knocking there.

He pushed the despatch-box away from him, and rising, paced the floor for many minutes, struggling with the unaccountable feeling that had come over him—and at first, struggling all in vain.

"The words are the words of a sane man," he said to himself. "I know it—I feel it! Oh, my God, that such things should be!"

Presently he became calmer again, and resumed his seat.

But he now felt that he had three missions to perform, instead of two; for he was determined to seek out the writer of those lines, and rescue him from the asylum in which he was confined, if possible.

It was a duty he owed his fellow-creature, no matter how humble or unworthy that creature might be.

But there still remained a last paper he had not opened. He hesitated a moment, holding it in his trembling fingers, and dreading to make himself master of its contents, lest it should contain some overwhelming revelation.

It proved to be a letter, and consisted of these words:

"Belgrave House, March 4th, 18—.

"*Dear Sir*:—You had better come down as soon as possible, and tell us what to do. *He* has been violent again, and we've got him in irons. He has been telling all sorts of stories to the most tender-hearted of the keepers—and it wouldn't do to leave him to work on their sympathies, you know.

"It grows more and more troublesome to keep your secret. I've done my best—and you will bear me out in saying that I have done remarkably well. Not one man in a thousand could have served you so successfully where a dangerous secret of this sort was involved. But a man may get to the end of his rope, sometimes—or what is pretty much the same thing, the end of his resources—no matter how clever he may be. I wish you could contrive to make an end of this business, in some way. Believe me, you could not possibly make a better move, so far as your own interests are concerned.

"Yours truly,

"Benjamin Sykes."

On the back of this letter, Victor found the following memoranda, written in pencil:—

"March 10th—Sykes is right. This thing cannot go on much longer. R—— will raise the devil with me if I ever give him the opportunity. I must make some move that will tell; I must put him out of the way of harming me."

Victor read to the last word of this memoranda. Then he quickly but carefully restored the various papers to the despatch-box, locked it, and placed it on the table precisely as he had found it.

"I must have time to think," he muttered, pressing both hands to his burning forehead. "There is something deeper in the business than I ever imagined."

He threw himself on the couch, and buried his face in the pillow.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MAD WOMAN.

Victor did not intend to close his eyes; but sleep came to him in spite of all his efforts to keep awake.

The next morning was some hours advanced when he was awakened from a deep slumber by a loud knocking on the door.

"Who is it?" he cried, springing up in bed.

The door, which he had left unfastened over night, swung on its hinges, and Miles Rugby crossed the threshold.

"Not up?" he exclaimed, cheerfully. "You must be a sound sleeper, my lad."

Then he saw that Victor had not been undressed. He took up the bed-lamp, remarked that the oil had burned very low, then glanced sharply back at the young man.

"How is it that I see you dressed?" he asked.

Victor looked confused.

"I could not sleep the earlier part of the night," he faltered. "I kept a long vigil here by myself. And that is why I overslept myself this morning."

"Nature would have her dues, eh?"

"I suppose so."

Miles laughed, but in a forced, constrained manner. "Come," said he, "I am here to summon you to breakfast."

He went back to the door and stood by it, while Victor made a hasty toilet. Meanwhile his glance went wandering round the room, concentrating itself oftenest on the despatch-box.

He realized, when it was too late, perhaps, what a blunder he had made.

His manner lost none of its usual suavity, however. He took Victor's arm, when that gentleman had completed his toilet, and led him from the room.

"You and I never breakfasted together, my lad," he said, pleasantly. "Isn't it odd that we should make a beginning here and now?"

"Yes, it is odd."

Victor tried hard to address the villain as he had been wont to address him—to feel for him the remorseful pity he had felt until the events of the previous evening. But this was impossible. He found himself shrinking from him in such horror and loathing as would make itself manifest in both voice and manner, despite every effort.

The reprobate's eyes scanned his face closely.

"I'm afraid you are learning to despise me," he cried, abruptly. "You are learning to look down upon me. It's hard, though, deuced hard, for a man to be scorned by his own flesh and blood, just because all the rest of the world is down upon him."

"I am sorry for you," said Victor, "and would be glad to reclaim you. But I do not feel an atom of contempt."

"It is only pity that you feel?"

"Pity, and—"

Fortunately, he was not compelled to finish the sentence. Miles pushed open the door of the apartment in which the interview with Honoria Vance had taken place the previous evening; pushed open this door and disclosed a table rather scantily spread, and a steak hissing before the fire.

"Behold my humble *menage*," he cried, gayly. "Of course it will not compare with what you are accustomed to at Roundwood. But I offer my little all. And you are welcome as a prince of the royal blood. Sit down, my boy, while I play Monsieur Blot for your delectation."

He pushed a chair up to the table for Victor, and then proceeded to turn the spit. The young man watched him somewhat curiously; and he was glad to see that the momentary look of doubt had vanished from his features, leaving them bland and placid again. He seemed to change his moods as suddenly as the chameleon changes his skin.

The cloth was laid for two, and Victor saw no evidences of a woman's presence about the room save an old slipper, very much down at the heel, which lay near the door, pointing outward, as if suddenly and unconsciously abandoned during a hasty exit.

Miles saw the slipper, too, and covertly kicked it behind the coal-scuttle. "I have been thinking of you, and of your peculiar case this morning," he said, dishing up the steak, and seating himself opposite Victor. "I am sure I understand why you came to Hook Dock. It all comes of the coldness of sweetheart No. 2. Don't be troubled though. We'll talk the whole matter over after breakfast, and perhaps will be able to decide upon something that will put an entirely new face on matters."

This was not to be, however. The instant breakfast was over somebody tapped at the door with the information that "the cap'n was wanted in the other part of the house.

He departed, leaving Victor quite alone. The young man followed him to the door after a brief interval. He had barely opened it, and glanced down the passage, when he saw a woman a few yards beyond, beckoning to him, and shaking her head mysteriously.

She must have been at least forty years of age, and looked even older than that, for her abundant hair was thickly sprinkled with gray. Her face must have had a pert prettiness of its own in her younger days, for the features were small and regular; but now its almost ghastly pallor was emphasised by the rouge daubed thickly on either cheek.

Her dress was a yellow silk, old and frayed and tarnished, made in a style that had been obsolete for many years. Two or three gaudy artificial flowers were stuck in her hair; a crimson scarf fluttered from her shoulders; and a glance at her feet betrayed the fact that the stray slipper belonged to her.

She continued to beckon eagerly for Victor to approach. After a moment of very natural hesitation he did so. She retreated toward a door he had not observed previously, still signing for him to follow.

On the threshold of this door she waited, and clutched tightly hold of his arm, dragging him into the room. Then she put her lips close to his ear and whispered:

"Is Lurline sleeping?"

"Is who sleeping?" he asked, in utter amazement.

"Hush, hush! Why will you make such a noise? Is Lurline sleeping?"

"I don't know."

"Yes, you do," she cried, stamping her foot angrily. "Why are you putting me off? Oh, don't do it, don't do it, sir," and she clasped her hands imploringly. "If you do you'll end, as all the rest have done, in telling me that she is dead."

"Poor soul," said Victor, for he saw very clearly what made this woman such a singular-looking creature.

She burst into a loud laugh, and seemed to forget all about Lurline in a moment.

"I beg your pardon," she murmured, apologetically. "Something ails my head, and I don't always see straight. I didn't observe that you were a stranger; and *he* doesn't like me to talk with strangers at all."

"Who doesn't like you to talk with strangers?"

"Why he, the devil."

"I don't know whom you mean by the devil."

"Yes, you do," she murmured, cunningly. "You were talking with him last night. And you breakfasted with him just now, and I was ordered to keep away out of your sight, and he thought he locked me into this room; but he didn't! I slipped the bolt and got out again."

She laughed again, a gleeful, cackling laugh. A thought like a flash broke upon Victor's mind as he looked at her.

"What is the devil's name?" he asked.

"Oh, they call him the captain."

"Yes, yes, I know that. But he has some other name which I wish you to tell me."

"Perhaps I never heard it."

"Oh, yes you have. Just think a minute. Was it Leonard?"

She shook her head. "No, it was not Leonard."

"It was Reuben then?"

At that name a flash of intelligence went over her face. Her dull eyes lighted up; a smile parted her lips.

"Yes, yes," she exclaimed. "Say it again. Dear, dear Reuben! Say it again, sir, please."

"His name was Reuben."

"Yes, his name was Reuben. And I loved him better than all the rest of the world put together. You knew that, did you not, sir?"

"My poor soul," said Victor, soothingly, "I knew all about it. But I have forgotten what else they called your lover. Was it Leonard? Did anybody ever call him Leonard?"

At the sound of that name—because spoken immediately after the other, perhaps—the poor creature recoiled, and a look of blank terror came into her eyes as she fixed them wildly and accusingly upon Victor's face.

"Oh, you wretch!" she cried, angrily. "You are trying to pump me! You want to make me tell all the devil's secrets. And he'd kill me if I were to tell."

"No, no, he would not."

"Well, his name isn't Reuben, and never was Reuben. I lied when I told you otherwise. It is Leonard, or Miles, or something else—I hardly know what. Sometimes it's one thing and sometimes another."

"Yes, yes."

"And he always expects me to remember which it is, though he changes a dozen times each day. And how can I when I have such a trouble in my head? I put it to you, sir, as a gentleman and a Christian, how can I?"

"You cannot," returned Victor, trying to pacify her. "The thing's impossible."

"Of course it is. And that's what I tell the captain. And then he only swears at me and calls me a lunatic. I don't know what that means—do you, sir?"

He did not tell her.

"There, there!" she cried, in a sudden spasm of terror. "I've been talking to you, and I know the captain will be very angry. But I did so want to hear about Lurline. You are sure you have not seen her?"

"No, I have not seen her."

"I might have known it. Nobody ever sees her. I've asked hundreds of persons, and they all answer me just as you have done."

"But the captain?" interrupted Victor. "I thought you were going to tell me something of him."

Again that pitiful look of terror overspread her face. She caught fiercely hold of Victor's arm, and said in a scared voice:

"Promise me you won't tell the captain that you ever saw me! He'd have a tantrum, and he's terrible, you know, when he has his tantrums. He wouldn't kill me, I guess, but then he'd shut me up with lots of other funny people, and that would be quite as bad."

"Shut you up?"

"Yes," she answered, shuddering. "He's done it more than once already, when he was angry with me."

"Where would he shut you up?"

"Oh, in a big house, a long way from here."

"Which way from here?"

"I don't know that," she answered, wearily. "But it's where the sky is bluer than it is here, and you can see green grass and trees, and everything that is beautiful. They call it Belgrave House, I believe."

"Belgrave House?" Victor gave a violent start, and turned quickly to question her further. He remembered the letter he had read had been dated from Belgrave House. Was he stumbling upon some important discovery in this underhand manner?

It might be. But before he could utter another word, a heavy step sounded in the upper end of the passage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT INTEREST.

A correspondent of the New York Mercantile Journal makes the following curious calculations. Writing to that paper, he says: "The article under the title 'Interest,' in your issue of the 17th instant, involves a principal of such *vast importance*, that it cannot be kept too prominently in view.

"The statement that 'the cost of the outfit of Christopher Columbus, in his first voyage of discovery (estimating it to be $5000), put at interest at 6 per cent.—interest added to principal annually—would by this time have amounted to more than the entire value of this Continent, together with the *accumulations* from the industry of all who have lived upon it,' is a startling fact worthy of serious consideration.

"This reminds me of reading in Hildreth's History of the United States, some years since the statement that Manhattan Island—afterward called New Amsterdam, now the City of New York—was bought by the Dutch from the Indians for *twenty four dollars* ($24) only about two hundred and fifty years ago. It occurred to me that that purchase of real estate proved a most excellent investment, but to test it I made a calculation, when to my surprise I found that $24, with interest at 7 per cent.—added to the principal annually—amounted to far more than the present market value of the real estate of the whole City and County of New York.

"Our National Government owes about two thousand million dollars. Now if the interest at 7 per cent. on the twenty-four dollars since the date of the purchase of New York County by the Hollanders would swallow up the whole of its present value, how long would it take for the interest Government pays (if left to accumulate) to force the nation into bankruptcy?

"I am reminded, in this connection, of your table showing the rapid increase of capital at various rates of interest, which I hope you will continue to keep prominent, as follows:

"If one dollar be invested, and the interest added to the principal *annually*, at the rates named, we shall have the following result as the accumulation of one hundred years:

One Dollar,	100 years at	1	₰ cent.....	$2.70
do.	do.	2	do.	7.24
do.	do.	3	do.	19.21
do.	do.	4	do.	50.50
do.	do.	5	do.	131.50
do.	do.	6	do.	339.30
do.	do.	7	do.	867.70
do.	do.	8	do.	2,203
do.	do.	9	do.	5,529
do.	do.	10	do.	13,809
do.	do.	12	do.	84,676
do.	do.	15	do.	1,174,468
do.	do.	18	do.	15,145,907
do.	do.	24	do.	2,551,729,404

☞ Two thousand farmers lately participated in a picnic in Illinois.

Helena Macdonald;

OR,

THE BRIDE'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER XV.

Ah! what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive.—*Scott.*

There was a moment's profound silence while they stood there confronting each other.

With a face perfectly white, with blazing eyes and rigid lips, Helena, majestic in her wrongs, stood erect before him, her form drawn up to its fullest height, her head thrown back, her pale face looking unnaturally white in contrast with her dark hair, like some tragic queen in her festal robes. All his falsehood, treachery, and deceit—all her own wrongs, her slighted love, her deep humiliation, rushed in a burning torrent through her mind, filling her heart and soul with one consuming longing for vengeance, until she seemed to tower above him, regal in her woman's scorn and hate.

And he, knowing his guilt, feeling, too, that she knew it, momentarily quailed before the dark fierce glance bent upon him. It was but for a moment, and then all his self-possession and graceful ease of manner returned, mingled with a feeling of intense admiration for the darkly beautiful girl before him.

He had never seen her before, save in her odd, gypsyish dress; but now, in her rich, elegant robes, she looked another being. And with it came another revelation. Underlying all his short-lived passion for Jessie, was still the old affection for this queenly Helena. He had wooed her as a dowerless bride, but now she stood before him the heiress to a princely fortune, equal to his own. Herbert Clinton was ambitious. He knew this beauty and heiress would be sought for now by the principal men of the day, and he felt what a proud triumph it would be to bear her off from all.

"Yes," he said, inwardly, "this beautiful Helena shall still be mine. I have commenced a desperate game, but the end is not yet."

And all this had passed through the minds of both in far less time than it has taken me to describe it.

Clinton was the first to break the silence, which was growing embarrassing.

"My own Helena," he said, advancing, and attempting to take her hand, "I began to fear we were destined never to meet more. Has this new freak of Dame Fortune made you forget all your old friends?"

"Back, sir!" she thundered, in a terrible voice. "Do you dare to speak to me like this? Oh, man! false and perjured! Does not your craven soul shrink to the dust before the woman you have wronged?"

"Helena, you are mad!" he cried, impetuously.

"Mad! Oh, would to Heaven I were! Then, perhaps, this aching heart would not suffer the tortures that it does. Mad? It would be well for you if I were; but I am sane enough yet to live for vengeance on you."

"Helena! Helena! you rave. In Heaven's name, what have I done?"

"Done! Oh, falsest of the false! Have you the brazen effrontery to stand before me and ask such a question as that? Done! That which a lifetime can never repair. May Heaven's worst curse light on you for what you have done."

He almost shrank before that white, terrible face, that corrugated brow, those lighting eyes, those white, cold lips, that mingled look of hatred and utter desolation her beautiful countenance wore.

He had expected passionate reproaches, vehement accusations, but nothing like this. Yet he knew, he felt he deserved it all; never had his crime appeared before him in such glaring colors. But outwardly he still showed no sign of guilt, only grave surprise and offended pride.

"Miss Macdonald," he said, folding his his arms coldly, "you are crazed. When you recover your senses, perhaps you will deign an explanation of your conduct. At present you will excuse me if I put an end to this interview—it is too painful to be prolonged."

He turned, as if to leave her, but she sprang forward and intercepted him.

"Dare to leave me!" she cried, passionately. "Never shall you leave this room until you hear the vengeance a Macdonald can take for a wrong and deadly insult. Crazed, am I? Oh, you will find out to your cost there is method in my madness, before this interview ends. You find it painful, do you? Ha, ha! take care you do not find it more so before we part."

She pushed the thick, clustering, black hair back off her brow, and laughed a wild, bitter laugh.

"Good heavens! she looks as though she really were mad!" thought Herbert, with a shudder at that hollow, unearthly laugh. "I always knew her to be a wild, fiery, passionate girl, but I never dreamed of anything like this. What, in her frenzy, may she not dare to do—for verily she comes of a daring race. Oh, Jessie! Jessie! what a storm of passion have I not raised for your sake?"

"So I can make you start and shrink already!" exclaimed Helena, with fierce exultation. "Oh, you will find what it is to drive Helena Macdonald to desperation. So you thought you could make me your plaything for an hour, and then throw me aside for the first new face you encountered. Oh, potent, wise, and far-seeing Herbert Clinton! what a judge of character thou art."

Her bitter mockery was worse than her first fierce outburst of passion, and there was a terrible menace lurking yet in her gleaming black eyes.

But Herbert stood looking on, still unmoved, only amazed, as he stood, with one hand resting lightly on the table, looking her straight in the eye with cold *hauteur*.

That steady, concentrated gaze had on her the effect of mesmerism. Her mood changed and she broke forth in a strain of passionate solemnity—

"Oh, my soul! was it for this I poured out such priceless treasures of love at this man's feet? Was it for this I forgot God to worship him? Was it for this that I would have given my soul to perdition that his might be saved? Was it for this I would have devoted my life, with all its high hopes and aspirations, all that I was, all that I might become, to make him happy? Was it for this that I thought of him day and night, sleeping and waking? Was it for a return like this that I would have given my very life-blood to free him from all pain? Oh, this heart—this heart! Oh, my lost faith! my blighted hopes! my ruined life! Wealth, and youth, and beauty were given to me; but what are they worth when all is desolation here?"

She struck her breast with her clenched hand, and dropping into a seat, her arms fell upon the table, and her grief-bowed young head dropped heavily upon them.

The dead silence that for an instant followed her vehement outburst, was like a sudden lull in a furious storm, when the spirit of the tempest pauses for a moment, and breaks forth in redoubled fury.

"Helena!"

Soft, low, and gentle, like oil poured upon troubled waves, came the voice of Herbert Clinton to her passion-tossed heart—that voice which, in spite of all, was still dearer to her than all the world beside.

Only a convulsive shiver, a fierce grasping of her breast, as though she would tear from it the unspeakable gnawing of her agony, but no reply.

"Dearest Helena!"

He came over, and folding her in his arms, bent over her till his face rested on her silken hair.

"Oh, Herbert!" she cried, looking suddenly up, and speaking in a tone of piercing anguish, "why did you deceive me so?"

"Helena, speak and tell me what you mean; as Heaven hears me I have not deceived you. I love you still as I have always loved you."

"Oh, if I might believe it!" she said, dashing back the falling hair off her pallid brow; "if I dared to dream that you spoke the truth. But no, no!" she cried, springing up and freeing herself from his clasp, "it is false—it is false as your own false heart! Listen, and let the name blight you where you stand—what of Jessie?"

Her menacing eyes were glaring upon him as though she would read his very soul; but prepared for her question, he neither started nor betrayed the slightest emotion.

"Jessie, the island-girl—what of her?" he asked quietly.

"What of her? Man, man! you will drive me mad! Do you not love her?"

"Love her, that little, uncultured child! Helena, you have lost your reason," he said, in a tone of well-feigned surprise and indignation. "What drove such an absurd thought into your head?"

"Oh, she told me so—she told me so," wailed Helena, pressing her hands to her throbbing temples.

"Impossible! you must have dreamed it, Helena. She never could have told you anything like that."

"She did; and I could have slain her where she stood for the words; but she said them. And, Herbert Clinton, do not deny it. It is true!"

"It is not true," he answered, boldly, though, for the first time during the interview, his dark cheek grew crimson with shame.

"It is true—it must be. She would not have said it else. Oh! there was truth on her face as she spoke, and there is guilt in yours now. Herbert Clinton, take care! I am desperate, and it is at your peril that you trifle with me now."

"And so you believe this island-girl rather than me. Be it so, Helena. If you have no more faith in me than this it is better that we never see each other more," he said, in a deeply-offended tone.

"And do you tell me really, and truly, that you never wavered in your allegiance to me—never for a moment thought of any one else—never for one second gave another the place in your heart I should have occupied—never was false to your vows, to your honor, to me?"

"Never, Helena."

"Swear it,"

"I swear!"

"Oh! which am I to believe? Oh, Herbert, if you are deceiving me now, may Heaven's worst vengeance fall upon you! Do not on your soul's peril dare to speak falsely to me; for it were better for you to trifle with the lightning's chain than with this aroused heart."

"Still doubting! Have you lost all faith in me, Helena?" he asked, reproachfully.

"Would to Heaven I had never occasion to doubt! But your own actions are all against you. Why did you so continually seek her society while on the island? How are your long rambles together, your moonlight sails, your solitary interviews to be explained?"

"Very easily. Your brother left me, you were absent, and I was alone on the island, and society is a necessity of my nature. You would not have me spend the day with old Allie, or her son—Mrs. Ben, or her nephew? The child, Jessie, was bright, intelligent, and sociable. She pleased and interested me, and in my walks through the island we frequently met. I was fond of sailing—so was she; and what so natural as that I should sometimes ask her to accompany me?"

"Plausible; but why did you not seek me? I was not far distant from you a good part of the time, and would have been more than delighted to see you every day."

"Well, if I must confess it, Helena, I was somewhat piqued that you should have gone away at all, and wished to let you know it by my absence. Perhaps it was very unreasonable on my part, but loving you as devotedly as I did, I felt your abrupt absence far more than you are disposed to give me credit for."

"But when alone, why were you ever talking of Jessie? If she had not been continually in your thoughts her name would not have been so frequently on your lips."

"Still jealous! Oh, Helena, hard to be convinced! I did not talk of her."

"You did, for old Allie heard you."

"Saints and angels! was ever man in the same dilemma I am in? Even an old, half-blind woman is believed sooner than I. Helena, I never talk to myself. Allie has seen me with this island-girl—whom I wish to Heaven I had never met—and has fancied perhaps, I spoke of her. Oh, Helena, Helena, by your dark, doubting look I see you are unbelieving still! What shall I do or say to convince you?"

"Oh, I do not know—I do not know! Heaven direct me!" said Helena, pacing up and down. "I want to believe you, but I cannot get rid of these doubts. Herbert, once our faith in those we love and trust is shaken, it is very hard to be renewed. There was truth and earnestness in that girl's eyes, when she spoke—more, there was love for you. Whether or not you love, or have loved her, one thing is certain—you have taught her to love you."

"I have not taught her, Helena, nor am I to blame for her childish fancies. Even if she does care for me, which is doubtful, it is a sisterly affection—nothing more."

"I am not blind, Herbert. It was no sisterly affection I read in those soft, pleading eyes—it was strong, unchanging, undying love. Oh, Herbert, what if you are deceiving us both?"

"Helena, this is too much. I will not endure these doubts. You do not love me as you say you do, or you would have more faith in me. If you believe I could so forget my vows to you, my honor, my plighted faith, for this little artless child, then it were better we should for ever part than live in doubt and jealousy. Do you think I could endure these constant recriminations, these stormy scenes, these violent outbursts of passion? Helena, it is beneath you to stoop to the mean, low passion of jealousy. I thought you had too much pride and self-respect to think any one, however beautiful and enchanting, could surpass you; and certainly you pay a very poor compliment to my taste, in supposing I could fall in love with an illiterate, uneducated child of fifteen, simply because she has a passably pretty face. Helena, you are surpassingly beautiful, and I have to-night seen gentlemen whom I am sure were fascinated by you, hovering the whole evening by your side, while you seemed to have eyes and ears for no one but them, yet it never once entered my mind to doubt you, or be in the slightest degree jealous."

"Yes, yes, I talked and laughed with them; but, oh, if you had known how every thought and feeling of my whole heart and soul and mind were with you all the time—if you had but dreamt of the insufferable agony at my heart all the while—you would have felt how little cause you could have had for jealousy."

"I knew nothing of this, Helena, and yet not for one fraction of a second did the slightest, faintest doubt of you enter my mind. Oh, Helena, Helena, when will you have faith like this in me?"

"Now—forever! Oh, Herbert, I must believe, I do believe, and I will never doubt you more," said Helena, her beautiful face growing radiant with new hope. "If I judged you rashly, at least I have atoned for it, for never while you live can you dream of all I have endured for your sake. Oh, Herbert, with your cool nature, and calmly-pulsating heart, you can never form any idea of the passionate heart-throbbing here, of the fiery blood that has descended to me from a fiery race. Oh, Herbert, for all my unjust doubts and suspicions, and accusations, can you ever forgive me?"

He had borne her frenzied outbursts of passion, her bitter, withering sarcasm, her utter woe and desolation, calmly enough; but now her renewed hopes, and trust, and confidence pierced to his very heart. He felt the blood rush to his very temples, but her head was bent on his shoulder, and she did not observe it. How intensely in that moment did he despise himself and this necessity of lying, which his own fault had created! Without thinking of the guilt, as a gentleman he felt himself degraded by a falsehood—something which he had never hitherto stained his lips with. And yet, in the last hour, how low he had sunk! Verily in that moment he felt "the way of the transgressor is hard."

But Helena Macdonald, loving and hating alike with utter *abandon*—going from one extreme to the other, without knowing what a medium meant—knew nothing of the thoughts that beset the heart she prized even above her hopes of Heaven beating so tumultuously against her own. Casting all doubt to the winds, resolving she would not believe him guilty, the delicious joy of knowing and believing she was still beloved filled her heart. And so for the present she gave herself wholly up to this new happiness; but how long was this delicious joy destined to last?

CHAPTER XVI.

We hold our greyhound in our hand,
Our falcon on our glove;
But where shall we find leash or band
For dame that loves to rove? SCOTT.

"Now, my dear Mrs. Vaughan, you really must not think of going back to the island any more. Helena is going to remain with me for a week or two longer, and you positively must stay, for, let me tell you, I have taken a desperate fancy to you during the last few hours. Then, too, Helena, poor child, has seemed ill and out of spirits for the past few days, and the presence of your lively little ladyship will tend to restore her to cheerfulness again. So, Mrs. Vaughan, you will just consider it settled, and yourself and husband must remain my guests for the present.

The company were already dispersing, and Mrs. Vaughan, on going to take leave of her hostess, had listened to the above harangue.

"But Mr. Vaughan—" she began, rather hesitatingly.

"He will not object, my dear," broke in Mrs. M'Calmont, who was comfortably reposing in a large arm-chair. "He is looking ill yet, and I don't believe his wound has been half attended to. Just go and tell him that I say he must stay. I would go myself, only there is a crowd here waiting to take their leave and make their adieux. Mrs. Vaughan, it's not possible—you do not hesitate? What earthly attraction can there be for you in that dreary little isle"

"Oh, Mrs. M'Calmont, it's not that—indeed I shall be delighted to accept your kind offer; but Mr. Vaughan is sometimes so queer, and has such strange notions about intruding on people, that I do not know—"

"Intrude! Nonsense!" interrupted Mrs. M'Calmont. "I'm sure there's nobody in this world as fond of society as I am. I'd always have the house full of young people if I could. There, now, run away like a good little woman, and tell your husband that I positively will not hear of his going. Come, be off! Here is Mr. Murray waiting to bid me good-by, and I never care to keep a young gentleman waiting—especially such a good-looking one, though I don't know what Mr. M'Calmont would say about that."

And Mrs. M'Calmont gave Fanny a facetious poke in the ribs, and went off into one of her mellow laughs.

Inwardly delighted at Mrs. M'Calmont's invitation, which gave promise of much pleasure, Fanny went in search of her husband, fully determined to accept it, whether that unreasonable individual liked it or not.

She found him waiting for her in the anteroom, all ready for starting.

"What has delayed you so long?" he asked, sharply. "I have been waiting here this half-hour. I have sent a servant to hire a conveyance to take us over to Craig's End, where, for the present, we can engage lodgings, instead of returning to Macdonald's Isle, a place I never want to see again. Come, make haste and get ready."

"There's no occasion—for I'm not going to leave."

"Not going to leave! What do you mean, madam?" he asked, still more sharply.

"What I say. Are you really crazy enough, Mr. Vaughan, to think I would undertake a ten-hours' ride over to Craig's End after being up all night? Catch me at it! I have too much regard for my good looks to undertake any such journey."

"Ah, you wish to return to the island!" he said, setting his teeth hard. "Captain Macdonald, of course, will accompany you!"

"How provoking! Every word I say is converted into food for jealousy. No, I don't want to go back to the island. I am going to spend a week here with Mrs. M'Calmont."

"You shall not stay here. You shall come with me to Craig's End."

"Shall I, indeed! They'll have sharp eyes that see me in Craig's End for another week at least. Come, Charles, have sense, and stay here for a few days."

"Will Captain Macdonald be here?"

"Captain Macdonald again! Oh, grant me patience! How do I know whether he will be here or not? I'm sure I hope he may, if it's only to drive you crazy; for of all the absurd, jealous old tyrants that ever lived, you're the worst. I declare, Mr. Vaughan, you'd provoke a saint; and I do wish that you were safely in Heaven. There now!"

"Take care, madam!" he said, hoarsely; "your good wishes are premature. Old tyrant as I am, I may live long enough to make you repent this language."

"Take care of what? I'm not afraid of you, Charles Vaughan!" she said, with flashing eyes. "Don't threaten, or you may drive me to say things I should be sorry for afterward."

"Once for all—will you come with me to Craig's End?"

"Once for all—no!"

"Madam, I command you!"

"Command away, then; I shan't budge a step!"

"Mrs. Vaughan, do you dare to brave my authority?"

"Your authority! It isn't the first time I have braved it."

"Take care that it is not the last," he hissed, with gleaming eyes.

"Ugh! Don't look at me that way," said Fanny, shuddering involuntarily at his unearthly look and tone. "I declare if you're not enough to scare a person into the fever and ague! What a scowl! Charles Vaughan, you're worse than Nero, Heliogabalus, Mohammed, and all those other nasty old fellows, melted into one. Now, I've made up my mind to stay here with Mrs. M'Calmont, whether you like it or not; and you may do as you please, for all I care. Allow me to wish you good-night, and a pleasant journey to Craig's End."

And turning abruptly round, the indignant little lady quitted the room, leaving her spouse to his own not very pleasant reflections.

The company by this time had nearly all departed. Clinton, hat in hand, stood near the window, talking in low tones to Helena, whose face was now bright, radiant, unclouded. Mr. and Mrs. M'Calmont were still holding a parting conversation with some of their friends, among whom stood young Murray, watching Mr. Clinton with a ferocious glance. Captain Macdonald stood by himself, evidently waiting for his friend to accompany him to the isle.

As Mrs. Vaughan entered, he approached her, saying, with a smile—

"Well, Mrs. Vaughan, are you not going to return with us to the island?"

"No, I think not," said Fanny. "I have accepted our kind hostess's invitation to remain with her a week."

"Well, I have no doubt you will find it pleasanter than our lonesome isle, though we poor unfortunates left behind will find it doubly dreary, now that it is deprived of your bright presence."

"Flatterer—flattery! I don't believe I shall ever be missed. You must remember me to good Mrs. Ben, her pretty niece, Jessie, and that ill-treated youth, Mr. Fritz Friebourg."

"Your humble servant hears but to obey. But, my dear Mrs. Vaughan, you must not desert us altogether. Will you not visit the island some day during the week?"

"Perhaps I may; indeed, it's very likely I shall. I want to see Mrs. Ben before I start for home; so, if I can prevail on Miss Macdonald to accompany me, your island will be blessed with my 'bright presence' once more."

"A blessing for which we shall be duly grateful," said Captain Macdonald, gayly; "so just name the day that I shall have the happiness of coming for you, and I shall safely convey you 'over the sea in my fairy bark.'"

"Why, Captain Macdonald, how distressingly poetical you are getting!" said Fanny, laughing. "Well, let's see. This is Tuesday, isn't it? Then, I think, I will go on Thursday—day after to-morrow."

"Very well, on that day I shall have the happiness of coming for you. Until then, adieu."

"Good-bye, Captain Macdonald," said Mrs. Vaughan, holding out her hand.

As she spoke, a slight noise behind her made her turn abruptly round; and she almost shrieked aloud as she beheld her husband—white, ghastly, and haggard—standing, like a galvanized corpse, by her side. He had entered unobserved, and approached them in time to hear their last words—to hear them make an appointment.

What other proof of her guilt did he require? His worst suspicions were, of course, confirmed. Oh! terrible was the look his face wore at that moment! Without a word, he turned away, and walked to the farther end of the room.

Startled, shocked, and sick with undefined apprehensions, Fanny leaned against the table for support. Captain Macdonald's eyes followed the jealous husband with a look that said as plainly as words—

"What does all this mean?"

"You are ill, Mrs. Vaughan," he said, noticing with alarm her sudden faintness. "Allow me to ring for a glass of water?"

"No, no! It is nothing," she said, passing her hand across her brow, as if to dispel a mist. "Nothing whatever," she added, rising, and forcing a smile, as she saw his anxious look. "Excuse me. Good-night."

She hastened away; and Captain Macdonald, after a moment's wondering pause, approached the spot where Herbert and Helena still stood, and touching him on the shoulder, said, somewhat impatiently—

"Come, Clinton, it's time we were off, if we go at all. Even as it is, it will be sunrise before we reach the island."

In spite of all her efforts, a cloud fell on Helena's sunny brow at his words. The demon of doubt was not yet wholly exorcised. The island!—the name grated harshly on her ear, for Jessie was there.

Herbert Clinton saw it, and his resolution was taken. He felt it would not do to return to the island just now.

"I regret having kept you waiting," he said, gravely; "but I do not intend going to the island just yet."

A radiant glance from Helena's beautiful eyes repaid him for the words. But Captain Macdonald was amazed.

"Not return! Why, what's in your head now, Clinton? Where are you going?" he asked in surprise.

"For the present I shall stay here."

"Here, at Mr. M'Calmont's?"

"No; in the village."

"Tired of Macdonald's Isle already—eh? I knew how it would be. Well, I suppose I'll have to submit to keep bachelor's hall alone for a day or two, and then I shall return to Craig's End to see after my bonny bark. As the Vaughans stay, likewise, I shall have to go alone: so *au revoir*."

And Captain Macdonald, after exchanging a word with his hostess, left the house to return to Macdonald Castle.

The few remaining guests, by this time, had gone; and Herbert Clinton, also, took his departure. And then Helena took her night-lamp, and retired to her room to dream of her new-found happiness.

Fanny Vaughan sat alone on a sofa, in a remote corner, her head on her hand—her brows knit in painful thought. This fierce jealousy of her husband's was growing insufferable; she felt she could not endure it much longer. Every word, every look, every action was warped and disturted by his jealous imagination into another proof of her guilt. And she painfully felt that this absurd jealousy must soon be apparent to every one—an almost unendurable thought. For, in spite of all her levity and apparent indifference, the little girl-wife possessed too much pride and self-respect to carelessly submit to such a bitter humiliation.

"I wish I knew what to do," she thought. "If I submit to all his whims and caprices it will only make matters worse. Nothing can remove this deep-rooted passion, and the yoke he will lay on my neck will become unbearable. Oh! I was mad—crazed—ever to marry him! Every one that knew him told me how it would be; that he was tyrannical, jealous, exacting, and passionate; but I only laughed at them, and deemed him perfection. How I could ever have loved him I'm sure I don't know; for he hasn't a single lovable quality in him. However, it's too late to think of all this now; I want to forget the past altogether, if I can, and my folly with it. Good gracious, what an awful look was on his face that time when I turned round! Perhaps, after all, I had better not go to the island. The man's a monomaniac on this point, and it won't do to drive him to desperation."

She bent her forehead on her hand, and remained for a few moments lost in troubled thought.

"No, I shall not go; but I will not give him the triumph of knowing it. He shall not think I am afraid of him, and that he has humbled me at last," she said, half aloud, as she raised her head proudly. "I will avoid Captain Macdonald, too, as much as possible, if I can do so without attracting attention. Heigho! what it is to have a jealous husband! I wonder where Charles is? Perhaps he has gone to Craig's End, and left me here."

"Prithee, why so sad?" said the jovial voice of Mrs. M'Calmont, breaking in at this moment on her revery. "You are looking as doleful as if some near relation had just been hung for sheep-stealing. Come, I can't allow any one in my house to wear so doleful a face. Don't indulge in the blues, my dear, or you need never expect to wax fat and portly like I am. Come, let me see you smile, now."

"Oh, Mrs. M'Calmont, who could be sad in your sunny presence?" said Fanny, smiling as brightly as even the good lady could wish; "but really I wasn't out of spirits—only dreadfully sleepy."

And an immense yawn confirmed the truth of her words.

"No wonder—it's four o'clock, so you had better retire. Jane will show you to your room."

"Did you see—has Mr. Vaughan—" began Fanny, hesitatingly, as she rose.

"Mr. Vaughan went to bed a quarter of an hour ago, my dear—and here's Jane now with your lamp. Good-night, love."

And kissing her, Mrs. M'Calmont consigned her to the charge of a neat girl, who appeared with a light at the door.

Fanny followed her up-stairs to the door of her apartment; and here Jane handed her the light, dropped a courtesy, and disappeared.

Mrs. Vaughan opened the door and entered. It was a neat, pretty little room, with white curtains on the windows, and white dimity hangings on the bed; a wan-hued carpet on the floor, and cosey arm-chair beside the window. Mr. Vaughan sat on the bed, still dressed in his evening costume, his arm resting on the snowy pillows, and his face bowed upon it. His dark, elf locks fell heavily over the white pillows, as he lay as motionless as though death had stifled forever his wildly-throbbing heart.

He looked up as his wife entered, and dashed back his long, dark hair. Fanny really felt for him—the wretched victim of his own turbulent passions; but pity and sympathy she knew would be alike misunderstood by him if manifested; and even, perhaps, be adding fuel to the flames raging in his breast.

"Oh, you are here, are you?" she said, setting her lamp on the toilet-stand, and throwing herself languidly in the arm-chair. "I thought you had gone to Craig's End."

"And left you to flirt with your new lover. Ha! ha! You thought so, did you?"

What a goblin laugh it was. Fanny shivered involuntarily, but she would not abate one jot of her defiant sarcasm.

"Yes, I saw you playing the eavesdropper," she said, as she began taking off her collar and bracelets; "it's just what I expected of you. You did it so expertly, one would think you had been taking lessons all your life in listening at keyholes. Perhaps you have learned it from some hotel-waiter or lady's-maid."

"By Heavens, I will strangle you!" he exclaimed, roused to madness by her taunting tone.

And he sprang to his feet, glaring upon her as though he would fulfil his threat.

"Come, Mr. Vaughan, be calm, or I shall be under the painful necessity of going down stairs, and inquiring where the nearest lunatic asylum is located. Don't rave now, or try to transfix me with your dashing glances. I am not in the slightest degree afraid of you, Mr. Vaughan."

And Mrs. Vaughan drew her little form up to its full height, and looked with cool contempt in his face.

"Madame! if you go to this island, I swear by Heaven, and all its hosts, it will be the dearest night's work you have ever done."

"Hum! Why don't you swear by the other place; you are more likely to know more about it some day than you will ever know of Heaven."

"Silence!" he shouted, in a fierce voice. "I repeat it, if you keep this appointment with Captain Macdonald, you shall repent for it in dust and ashes."

For a moment he stood perfectly paralyzed, foaming at the mouth like a wild beast. Even the audacious Mrs. Vaughan trembled before the terrible pitch of passion she had daringly excited. And with it came another feeling, apprehensions for her personal safety. Springing to her feet, she darted past him, reached the door, and said—

"Mr. Vaughan, your disagreeable temper renders it necessary for me to leave you to solitude, which is said to be excellent for cross people. Hoping you will have recovered your usual good temper before we meet again, allow me to wish you good-night."

He darted toward her, but she was gone, slamming the door after her, and was down the stairs in a twinkling. She knew he would not dare to follow her, and reaching the dark deserted parlor, she threw herself on a lounge, and burst into a passionate flood of tears. In that moment she fairly hated her husband.

But when the household assembled next morning, little Mrs. Vaughan looked as bright, and smiling, and breezy as ever, and met her pale, sour-visaged husband with her customary careless unconcern. He too, was calm; but it was a delusive lull in the storm. The treacherous peace of the sleeping volcano—the menacing quiet of a savage seeking revenge—a calm more to be dreaded than his former fierce outburst of passion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE JOVIAL QUAKER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LUKE LINTON.

Many years ago, in one of the pleasant villages of Chester County, Pa., stood a little inn or tavern, which is not wholly unknown to fame. An institution of learning was located in the same village, which attracted students from different portions of the Keystone State, and from adjoining States even, and at which were educated some boys, who, in their manhood, figured conspicuously in the history of the country. The village inn was the scene of many of their pranks and follies, which were not forgotten by them till their dying day.

The "tavern" was not a Metropolitan, St. Nicholas or Continental; but as it was the only institution of the kind in the village, its little bar-room was generally thronged with idlers, jokers, and those famous for their power to tell "yarns."

One of the most frequent of visitors at the inn was a jolly Quaker, whom we shall call Joshua Miller. He was a well-to-do farmer, and his large and comfortable dwelling and barns stood but a short distance from the village. Joshua had two strong predilections, which were somewhat at variance with the doctrines of the respected society of which he claimed to be a member. One of these *weaknesses* was for strong drink, and the other for practical jokes. The "Sorrel Horse Inn" being a good place to obtain the former and indulge in the latter, it followed that his idle hours were generally spent at that place.

One cold night in January as Joshua, in company with a select party of his convivial companions, was indulging in his favorite beverage and cracking his jokes in his accustomed place of resort, a rap was heard at the door, succeeded by the entrance of a man whom the little company in the bar-room at once identified as a very verdant son of the Emerald Isle. After obtaining permission from "mine host" to stay over night, the Hibernian took his seat in the little circle of the votaries of Bacchus, who by this time were quite ripe for fun, and fully impressed with the idea that the Irishman would make a fine subject for diversion. After a short silence, Joshua commenced the game, and the following dialogue took place:

"What is thy name?"

"Patrick O'Brien, yer honor."

"How long has thee been in the country?"

"Siven wakes, jist to a day, sur."

"Is Ireland a good country?"

"Shure, yer honor, and a finer counthry ye could niver clap your eyes on!"

"Why so? Come, explain thyself."

"'Cause there ye kin get as much for a sixpence as ye kin here fur a shillin'."

"Why, then, did thee leave it?"

"Troth, sir, I came over to Ameriky fur the sixpences, as they are scarce in ould Ireland."

A general laugh followed this unexpected reply from Pat, and Joshua felt that the tide was turning against him. The laugh subsiding, the Quaker twitched about on his chair and opened up afresh on the Irishman.

"Come, tell us, friend, how thee expects to get the sixpences in this country. Does thee imagine they grow on the trees?"

"D—l a bit, yer honor; fur if that was the case ye'd have more of them yerself!"

"Well, how does thee expect to get them anyhow?"

"I expect to work for them; and I'd be mighty plased if ye'd be afther tellin' me where I'd could git a job of work fur the winter?"

"Well, perhaps I can tell thee; pray, what can thee do?"

"Iunything, yer honor, iunything! I am the man that kin do iunything from diggin' pertaties to greasin' a wagon."

"But, Patrick, thee must know we don't dig potatoes here in the Winter!"

"An' shure I ought to have knowed that. If I had a job, I would show you how I can work."

"Well, I want a man to work this Winter, and I don't know but that I might employ thee, if thee would prove to be industrious."

"Plase yer honor, an' that I would; an' whether it is to dig the turf or 'tend the critters, your will find that I'm—"

"Oh, I don't want thee to 'dig turf' or 'tend critters;' I've better business for thee than that; *I want a man to sit in the chimney-corner all Winter, and eat bread and cheese, and drink hard cider!*"

"Shure, and is your honor in arnest?"

"Certainly, friend Patrick, I am in earnest. I have a great many of these articles on hand, and if I don't get rid of them in some way or other, they will spoil before Spring."

"Then I'm yer mon. I'll go on the wink! Shure an' it isn't Pat O'Brien that'll refuse sich a good offer in the new counthry, or in the ould either! I'm your mon, sir!"

"Then, Patrick, I'll employ thee. I will give thee ten dollars a month for thy services, if thee proves a good fellow; and thee can come to my place in the morning, as soon as thee pleases."

When this conversation had ended, Patrick was shown to his bed for the night, and the company, after indulging in a hearty laugh and another potation, dispersed.

Joshua went home, not thinking for a moment that the fellow would ever come to fill the engagement. Early next morning, however, he was aroused by a tremendous thumping at his kitchen door, and on opening it he discovered his hired man—Patrick O'Brien—hat in hand, looking blue from the cold, but bowing politely all the while.

"The top o' the mornin' to yer! An' is yer honor well this mornin'? An' shure I've come to begin my day's work wid ye," said Pat, all in a breath.

Joshua was somewhat nonplussed at this greeting from his unexpected visitor, but he soon concluded to carry on the joke, and trust to his own ingenuity for an extrication in case of difficulty. He accordingly took Pat into the house, kindled a blazing fire on the broad hearth, and placing him in the chimney-corner, spread before him a little table on which was displayed a loaf of bread, a large slice of cheese, and a mug of cider. The Irishman, who had not supped the preceding night, was ravenously hungry, and soon cleared the table of eatables.

Joshua then furnished him with a second course, upon which he made a vigorous attack, with the most satisfactory results. By this time the female portion of the Quaker's household had risen, and commenced preparations for breakfast, which was soon made ready.

"Come, Patrick," said Joshua, "come to breakfast."

"Och! bother, sir. I don't want any breakfast. I'm doin' quite well here, yer honor."

"Don't want any breakfast? Thee doesn't mean to do without eating, does thee? Why thee won't be able to work."

"But, sir, an' it isn't hungry work I'm at."

"Come, friend," said Joshua gravely, "I can't allow this; thee must come and eat thy breakfast. I can't have any one about my place to work and not eat! I won't have thee starving; so come now and do as I tell thee."

Patrick opened his eyes wide; but he saw it was useless to object; so he took his place at the table, and managed to swallow a moiety of breakfast. After the repast was over, Joshua told him to go to work again.

"Friend Patrick," said he, "I don't want thee to work too hard; but I want thee to keep steadily at it, and be industrious, or thee won't finish the job this winter."

The Irishman was in a dilemma. He saw he was sold, and sold cheaply too; for when he bargained with the Quaker, he supposed he was to eat only when he was hungry, and not all the time! Still he determined to make the best of an unlucky contract; therefore he went back to his cider and cheese. True, he could not swallow much of either, but he continued to do something in the way of nibbling and sipping. The cider was old and strong, and it soon began to make its effects visible upon him; in short, the poor fellow became intoxicated.

Things were now coming to a crisis; his stomach was filled, and he must stop or burst; with his flushed countenance and watery eyes turned full on the Quaker, he asked—

"Misther Miller, may I stop this business a bit—plase yer honor?"

"I can see no reason why thee should stop," said the placid Quaker.

Pat heaved a sigh. It came from his heart.

"Misther Miller, will ye be afther lettin' the likes o' me go to the door for a little fresh air sure? My head is almost bustin'!"

"Thee had better say thy stomach was in great danger of bursting," replied Joshua.

"By all the saints, I must have fresh air," and Pat started for the door; but before he reached it he fell sprawling on the floor, and was soon in a state of drunken insensibility.

Joshua got a vehicle ready, and placing Pat into it, he conveyed him back to the tavern, where he left him, charging the landlord to take good care of him till he recovered from his surfeit and his inebriation. He also left a small sum of money to be given Pat, when he should take his departure, declaring to his old comrades that he would never again make an offer in jest to a wandering Irishman.

In the course of a day or two, Patrick was ready to take his departure. Mine host handed him the money left him by the generous Quaker, and told him to depart in peace.

The last shot came from Pat. To the worthy landlord he said—

"Will yer honor plase tell Misther Miller that I am much obleeged to him. I've had at his house all that I could eat an' drink and got money besides. Tell him I thank him from me sowl, an' tell him that every green Irishman I meet on the way, I'll sind to his house for accommodations! May the blessed Vargin bless him and all his likes!"

During the following day, and for nearly a week, Joshua's house was overrun by Hibernians, who had been sent there by Patrick to work at eating bread and cheese at ten dollars per month. The Quaker became annoyed at this, and to rid himself of his visitors, he had placed over his gate in large letters—

"*If thee is from Ireland, thee need not come in.*"

(From the Toledo (Ohio) Blade, Sep. 5.)

A Man's Self-Sacrifice.

HE RESIGNS HIS WIFE TO ANOTHER MAN AFTER AN ABSENCE OF FIFTEEN YEARS.

A remarkable instance of generous self-sacrifice has just been narrated to us by an old resident in the southern part of this county, and we publish it here, giving the facts as nearly as they can be reproduced from memoranda taken at the time. The narrator, having received the money of the unfortunate gentlemen in trust for the children of his wife, was one of the few who was even aware of the circumstances as they really were, and the recent death of the lady in question has removed the seal which has hitherto prevented the publication of the story.

Nearly eighteen years ago, a young man named P—— purchased a small farm in the location alluded to, and married the daughter of a neighboring farmer. They had one child, and for several years, in the eventful round of daily duties, lived a life of happiness. But, unfortunately for himself and family, the spirit of gain took possession of his soul, and he gradually became possessed of an inordinate craving for wealth. He became dissatisfied with the small but steady profits accumulating from his farm, and began to indulge in speculations of various kinds, in which at first he proved quite successful. On one occasion his business took him to Philadelphia, and he went with quite a large sum of money in his possession, which he had borrowed to aid him in prosecuting the speculations in which he was engaged. He was to return in two weeks, but that elapsed, and he did not make his appearance. The three weeks lengthened into four, then five; months elapsed, and still no news of him reached his afflicted family. A year passed by, and as no tidings came, he was given up for dead. His creditors, who had from time to time deferred the presentation of their claims till something more definite could be learned, now pressed in; the little home was sold, and the forlorn woman with her infant son was turned out upon the world. Though no word came to this more than widow, she could not relinquish all hope. Many offers of marriage were made to her, but she refused them all, still firmly believing that her husband would return. It vain it was urged that the large sums of money in his possession had tempted the ruffians that infest the large cities, and that he had in all probability been murdered; in vain her friends reiterated that if living he would certainly have communicated with her in some manner. His well-known integrity rendered it improbable that he had absconded simply for the money in his possession, and all save his wife believed that he had been foully dealt with.

After the lapse of nine years, which rolled their weary weight over her head without bringing any tidings of the missing man, a very wealthy gentleman in the vicinity offered her his hand. Her parents and friends urged her to accept it, if only for the sake of her fatherless child, and finally she gave a reluctant consent, and was married.

One winter's night, nearly six years after the marriage, the family were seated about about the fire, when the eldest boy was sent into the yard for wood. He came in evidently much excited, and said that he had seen a strange man looking about the house. The father made an effort to quiet him, but paid no further attention to the matter, supposing it was merely a boyish fright. The next morning, however, strange rumors were current in the neighborhood. One man had been stopped the day previous by a stranger, who asked if Mrs. P—— was still living in that locality. In reply to his question the stranger was informed of Mrs. P——'s marriage and her present residence. The stranger had at once started in that direction, and his informant, though it was then almost dark, fully believed it to be P—— himself, though it had been fifteen years since he had been seen in that vicinity. His former wife was greatly agitated when this story was told her, but her husband, though troubled, tried to satisfy himself that his neighbor was mistaken.

Three years more rolled by and nothing was heard of P——, till on one dismal April morning his former wife received a telegram, brought by special messenger from the nearest station, urging her to come at once to Newcastle, Pa., if she would see her rightful husband alive. Greatly shocked and startled by this message from one who seemed to her to be long dead, she and her second husband started at once. They found P—— without difficulty, but stretched upon a bed of sickness and sadly wasted by the gnawings of disease.

In a feeble and broken voice, and little by little, as his strength would permit him, he told them his story. On arriving at Philadelphia he had found that his most promising enterprise was a failure, and all that he had was lost. An offer to join a company just fitting out a ship for the West Indies, came opportunely as he thought, and, in the hope of retrieving his fortunes, he embarked in the project what little money he had in his possession, and went out to recover his loss. He had written to his wife before sailing, but the letter never reached its destination. The adventure proved disastrous, the vessel was wrecked on one of the islands, and our adventurer barely escaped with his life.

At this stage he determined not to return home till he had accumulated a fortune, and half-crazed with his afflictions, shipped as a common sailor to England. From that country he went to Brazil, and in the course of his succeeding wanderings visited nearly every country on the face of the globe, and at the end of fifteen years he had accumulated a reasonable competence, and had determined to return home. He had resolved never to make himself known to his wife if he could discover that she was well cared for. He found that his wife had long mourned him as dead, but that she had formed new ties and attachments, which he firmly resolved never to break. Severe and painful as was the sacrifice, he could not turn himself away without a last look upon the face of her whom he had loved so long. He had lingered about the house on the night of his return, as affirmed by his own son, and having gained his object, departed never to return. Broken-hearted he had sought a home in Newcastle under an assumed name, and here he had lived till convinced that he had not long to live, he sent for his wife that he might make his peace with her before he died. The next day he died peacefully in the arms of his long lost wife. By his will his entire property was divided among his children.

☞ A Mrs. Clark is editing a newspaper for George Francis Train in Sacramento, and stirs up her readers with appeals such as "Vox populi, vox Train! We want a man." We should think so.

☞ The man who never told an editor how he could better his paper, has gone out West to marry the woman who never looked into a looking-glass.

☞ The sulphurous fumes of a bolt of lightning were recently so strong in one of the Swiss mountains, as to suffocate a man and a number of cows.

A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

BY W. C. R.

Three years after the opening of a certain well-known line of railway in the south-west of Ireland, there occurred upon it one of the most tragical incidents the annals of crime have to offer.

A young English gentleman of independent means, about twenty-six years old, took it into his head to make a tour through that portion of the isle in which our story lies. There was nothing very remarkable in his appearance. He was gentlemanly-looking, with brown hair and whiskers, an aquiline nose, bright, intelligent eyes and stood about five feet ten. His name was Gerald Fairfax.

After some weeks of rambling about, our young friend reached the town of D——, intending to take the train the next day for Dublin.

The scenery about D—— is the most glorious in that part of Ireland. Fairfax was delighted with it. In all his excursions he had found nothing to approach its beauties. He resolved to prolong his stay there until he should grow tired of the scene; and day after day wandered among the mountains, or reclined, pipe in mouth, watching the wild glories that nature on all sides unfolded to his gaze.

One morning he sat at the open window of his hotel, shortly after breakfast, pondering the direction he should take that day for a walk. The street he looked into was a quiet one. Some mean-looking houses confronted him: a little way up some squalid children were playing: further yet a priest was sunning himself in the genial morning light.

Presently a man came down the street, a fellow dressed in the garb of the Irish peasant, with very broad shoulders and brawny arms. His face was pale, a pallor almost corpse-like. His lips were thin, and being tightly compressed, made a mere line of his mouth. His eyes were small, black, and brilliant, illuminated by a ray singularly sinister and malignant.

Fairfax could hardly help taking particular notice of him; for as he passed, with a slow furtive gait, the hotel, he eyed the young fellow so closely that the gaze became embarrassing, and Fairfax dropped his eyes. He walked to the end of the street and then came back, fixing as he passed the same sinister look upon the young fellow, and presently disappeared.

"Some beggar, I suppose," thought Fairfax, "examining me with Irish cunning to remark if I look ignorant and benevolent enough for him to practice his eloquence on."

He left the hotel, struck off to the left, and began to explore for new bits of scenery in a portion of the country he had not yet traversed. On returning leisurely at about half-past one, he entered a narrow defile that led through some frowning rocks to the shores of the lake.

He was whistling pretty merrily, when he suddenly paused, for turning the angle of a cliff, he came right upon a young man and a girl, seated in a very lover-like attitude on a fragment of rock. The girl's head was upon the young man's shoulder, his arm was around her waist.

He was good-natured enough to understand the wickedness of spoiling this kind of sport, and strode on, after stealing a brief glance at the young couple, who, on seeing him, instantly abandoned their amorous posture, and sat stiffly upright.

The young girl was singularly beautiful; he hardly wanted to inspect her long to see that. She was a pure type of the Irish woman, with great black eyes, pale cheeks, red lips, and masses of black hair, which she wore piled upon her head in a beautiful though artistic confusion.

But what had struck Fairfax more than the beauty of the girl, and which would certainly have caused him to linger a moment or two longer but for the embarrassment so rude an act would have entailed, was the appearance of the young man.

With his brown hair and whiskers, his aquiline nose, and bright eyes, he was the very counterpart of Fairfax himself. The girl must have seen the likeness, for hardly were they hidden from him, when he heard her awaken the musical echoes of the cliffs with a sweet, melodious laugh.

Fairfax strode forward, marvelling much to himself at the singularity of the coincidence; and having half-circled the beach that fringed the dark waters of the lake, proceeded to scale the steep incline of the narrow path that led up the cliffs toward the town.

If the adventure on the one side of the lake had surprised him, he was doomed to be more than surprised by an adventure on the other side of the lake.

He was pausing for a moment to take breath, for the ascent was very steep and laborious, when the sharp report of a gun rang out, and his hat fell to the ground.

Fearfully startled, he looked hurriedly around him. About sixty or seventy paces off he saw a small white cloud of smoke rising above a rock, that stood like a giant boulder stone against the hill. He picked up his hat, which he saw was pierced through with a hole into which he might have stuck his little finger, and clapping it on his head, pushed up the pathway with the utmost rapidity, fearful every second of hearing a second report, and of feeling himself shot.

He gained his hotel out of breath, and violently agitated. He rang the bell, and summoned the landlord.

"I find," he said, "that a train leaves this place for Dublin to-morrow morning. I regret to tell you it is my intention to take it. I am sorry, for I like this place, and would probably have continued here another fortnight—perhaps longer."

"I have done my best to plase you, sir," answered the landlord. "I hope you're not laving for the want of being comfortable."

"I am leaving," said Fairfax, taking up his hat, "because I have no wish to die. Do you see that hole? I was shot at half an hour ago by some dastardly ruffian, who, had he taken aim two inches lower, would have killed me. I had heard of this sort of thing being practised in this country; but I have been always unwilling to believe that you have among you such cowardly scoundrels as you are represented to have. I have no doubt now. I came here to enjoy myself, not to be buried. My enjoyment now is at an end. It is absurd to suppose I should ever trust myself again among your mountains. So, Mr. Landlord, let me have your bill."

Fairfax did not leave the hotel again, but amused himself with reading the papers in the coffee-room. Once during the evening, in casting his eyes toward the window, he saw the man who had inspected him so narrowly that morning in earnest conversation with the boots of the hotel.

He rather wondered who this fellow could be, but forebore to make inquiries.

The train for Dublin left D—— at twenty minutes past ten. Whilst eating his breakfast he again saw the man of the preceding day on the pavement opposite, watching him. He asked the waiter who he was, and was told that his name was Daniel Terry, generally supposed to have been concerned in the murder of the agent of Lord Ormadown; but that he had been acquitted.

The man had walked away on meeting Fairfax's eye, and the time having now arrived to go the station, the young fellow busied himself with packing his portmanteau, thinking to himself that if this Terry had any design to do him a mischief the opportunity would very soon be gone.

Having paid his bill, Fairfax, followed by the boots who carried his portmanteau, walked leisurely to the station, and procuring a first-class ticket, was shown into a carriage.

The platform was singularly vacant of passengers. He was not sure, indeed, that he was not the only traveller. He mentioned this to the guard, who told him that the train stopped at W——, where they would probably pick up a full cargo. To W—— the train was express.

He pulled a paper from his pocket, and began to read. Presently he heard the guard calling to know if they were all ready forward. There was a shrill whistle, the engine gave a snort, but suddenly rose a cry—

"Hould a minute! Hould a minute!"

A man's face peered into Fairfax's carriage, the handle of the door was turned, and a passenger bounded in.

"Right now!" cried the guard.

The engine whistled, and away they went.

Fairfax had uttered an exclamation on seeing who his fellow-passenger was.—Though his face was almost crimson with running, and the thin lips parted with the violence of breathing, the malignant, glittering eyes, the animal-like mouth, and the desperate, menacing expression of the face were not to be mistaken as belonging to the peasant who had been watching him with so strange and sinister an expression.

He had made no change in his attire. His clothes were of the coarsest, his hair was rough and wild. He screwed himself into the corner of the compartment opposite the corner occupied by Fairfax, and with frowning brow looked sullenly out of the window.

What was this man's object? Fairfax could not tell. If it was a murderous one he had him in his power now, for the young fellow was unarmed; nor did he feel himself a match for those broad shoulders, and great muscular arms, and hands of granite, which he saw by the man's eyes could be directed by a spirit as lawless and terrible as that of the tiger's.

Fairfax pretended to read, taking care, however, constantly to watch the man over the top of the paper. The man himself did not stir, but sat like a statue of stone, rigid, silent, deadly.

On rushed the train, thundering through rocks and cliffs. It soon entered a mountainous district, and suddenly the engine blew a long whistle, which leapt from crag to crag, and with the noise of a thunderbolt falling among the Alpine mountains, the train rushed into a tunnel.

The abrupt change from broad daylight to a gloom deeper than night made it impossible for Fairfax to use his eyes. He tried to pierce the darkness, and while doing so, felt the man's hands upon his throat, whilst a voice shouted some words which it was impossible to catch.

The dread of death, the love of life, the unutterable horror of the situation were strong in Fairfax. He struggled with the fury of a madman, but the iron arms of his assailant were too powerful; and step by step he felt himself dragged to the door, through which, it was plain, the man intended to hurl him on to the rails.

He believed death to be certain; but in that extreme hour of mortal anguish grew the fiery resolution that, if he was to die, the cowardly wretch he struggled with should die too.

Amid the thunders awakened by the passage of the train through the tunnel, the two men wrestled. The door was dashed open; the man had his hand on Fairfax's throat, Fairfax had his hand entwined in the handkerchief around the other's neck. The train, taking a sharp curve, heeled over, and the two men fell out.

The man was underneath; this probably saved Fairfax's life. The fall had either stunned or killed him, for he lay quiet—his hand had relinquished Fairfax's throat.

The young man staggered to his feet. The tunnel was pitch dark. Afar he heard the roar of the retreating train; then came a silence deep as the grave.

He stumbled across the rails until his hands touched the damp, cold wall of the tunnel. He began to walk rapidly through. On! on!

Suddenly he stopped. A faint, low murmur grew upon the air. It rapidly increased, like a sound of thunder, gathering strength each second. The perspiration started on his forehead; he fell upon his knees. That sound he knew to be a train coming through the tunnel.

Which side was he on? In the profound darkness he could not tell to which end of the tunnel he was making his way.

The train neared. He saw the lights of the engine, like the eyes of a fiend, growing upon the darkness. They approached—they passed with a deafening roar and a mighty wind, the red furnace in the engine throwing a crimson light upon the reeking walls of the artificial cavern. Then the lights on the hindmost carriage died, the noise fainted away, and rising to his feet, Fairfax pushed forward once more.

After walking half an hour, sometimes stumbling over the sleepers, sometimes pausing to listen—for the fear of his assailant pursuing him was always strong—sometimes stopping to lean against the side of the tunnel to take breath, the welcome daylight at length streamed upon him. He strode forward vigorously now, and gaining the extremity of the tunnel, clambered up the bank and looked around him.

About half a mile onward was a small station. A few houses clustered together exhibited a little village. He walked languidly toward them, and having reached the platform, told the open-mouthed station-master his story.

He presented, indeed, a piteous spectacle. The blood flowed from a large scalp wound; his clothes were torn; his face was blackened, and two of his fingers were broken. He had barely concluded his astounding narrative when he fainted dead away.

He lay for ten days unconscious. At one time his life was despaired of; but those who tended him, from certain letters they had found on him, had been able to communicate with his friends, and through their instrumentality his life was saved.

When he awakened from his delirium, the police had investigated the affair, and the following narrative was communicated to him:—

It seems that his assailant, Terry, had been betrothed to a girl whom he loved with the vengeful and jealous passion that is peculiar to his race. But one day he had found her in company with a young man. He did not reproach her—he pretended, indeed, not to care; but in reality he took a solemn oath to murder his rival. That rival and that young girl Fairfax had come upon during the walk he had taken on the last morning of his stay at D——. Terry had mistaken him! It was Terry who had fired the shot.

The jealous man, finding his shot ineffectual, hung about the hotel, with the design of following Fairfax and murdering him when he should again take one of his lonely walks, but, hearing from the boots that it was the young Englishman's intention to leave D—— the next morning, he conceived the extraordinary idea of entering the railway carriage with him, and of throwing him out in the middle of the tunnel.

The tunnel was searched that afternoon, and in the place where the murderous struggle had taken place, they found the remains of Terry, literally cut to fragments by the train which had passed Fairfax as he was making his way out.

☞ A thief who got away from Athens, Tenn., a few years since with $10,000, returned recently, saying he had come home to die. A good many of his old victims feel like assisting him.

WOMAN'S HAIR.

Some Interesting Artistic Suggestions—How to Wear the Hair at Home.

A writer in the St. Paul's Magazine discusses the subject of women's hair and headdresses, as follows:

We shall now say a few words on the subject of arranging the hair. We are often annoyed by the incapacity to see what is becoming to the face, or the reverse, as well as the utter disregard of anatomy, evinced by the *perruquiers* and their pitiably blind and thoughtless victims. Worse than the stupid sheep that fights to follow its fellows to the slaughter-house, when a means of escape offers itself in another direction, is the woman who, never having studied any rules of art, wastes or deforms the personal advantages nature may have bestowed upon her, by following a fashion which is unsuited to her, because it is the fashion. When the style, beautiful and simple in itself, but usually most trying to the English face, of wearing all the hair scraped back, and bound into a circle of close plaits behind, came in, ten years ago, every woman discarded the slovenly net that had been ruining the backs of her dresses for two years, and scraped her hair tight to her skull. She was right to discard the net; but she was mad to force the classic style upon herself, *bon gré, mal gré*. The consequence was obvious: hardly one woman in ten looked fit to be seen; for the head must be exceptionally fine, the features exceptionally regular, that can stand this treatment. Let every woman study her face before she dresses her hair, as she studies her feet before she buys her boots.

If she finds her head narrowing above the cheek-bone, let her never fail to insert pads in her hair at the side. If she have a broad forehead, while her face is narrow, let her avoid that style rigidly, *whatever may be the fashion*. If her head is slightly flat, plaits across it, or the hair turned over a cushion, are the only alternatives; but if naturally too high, let her give the fulness of her hair to other parts. If the head be perfect in shape, then let her disregard the fashion and make a point of showing a charm that is exceedingly rare. It would be simply waste and ruin to pad it into all sorts of shapes.

One word against the huge bundles of

FALSE HAIR

now worn. Far be it from me to overcondemn the practice of wearing false hair. This fashion will never go out while hair is considered a "glory" to a woman, and while, through age and other causes, the glory is liable to become "Ichabod," and to fall off.

Moreover, there are cases (since caps are not in use) in which a few bands of extra tresses are more than an improvement, even a necessity: witness a very scanty supply of hair, or hair in patches, on a young head. And the practice is *not* a dirty one, as has been unjustly asserted, any more than wearing one's own hair. Besides, if one is careful and patient enough to collect it, one need never wear anything but one's hair.

But, O woman! beware of piling on your head a greater mass of hair than a human head is able to grow. The huge plaits of three, stuffed and padded, which are so *obviously* artificial; the mighty cables, half as thick as one's arm, that rise up aloft, and swell out behind, till the effect of them, merely as a burden, not a beauty, is quite painful to the eye; in addition to rows of ringlets which, in themselves, would require the whole head of hair to form them: these debased fashions are a few of the many that detract from the beauty of the head and face, instead of enhancing it, imposed by foolish women on themselves. The eye soon becomes vitiated, and does not perceive, in fact, the vulgar and painful effect that is instantly apparent to another.

We are most anxious that women should devote, not less time, less money, less study, to the art of self-adornment, but even more. We are anxious that a pretty girl should make the very utmost of herself, and lose not one day of looking beautiful by

DRESSING BADLY

while her fresh youth lasts. We are desirous that when the first freshness is past, advancing age should not grow slovenly, as it is apt to do; but that then the art which once enhanced beauty should conceal its fading away; we want every woman to be at all times a picture, an ensample, with no bar between herself and her surroundings, as there should be none between her character and its outward reflection—dress. For this reason Nature must not be destroyed, but supported; her beauties revealed, not stifled; her weakness veiled, not exposed; her defects tenderly remedied; and no fashion should be tolerated which simply tends to burlesque her.

IN-DOORS.

For in-door wear we could wish more head-dresses were in vogue. Hair unornamented, when plentiful, and *when prettily arranged*, is always beautiful, of course; but there are so many cases where, from the hair not being of a very fine color, or the complexion being pale or imperfect, some decoration of the head would be a vast improvement. The simple ribbon or snood that many young girls wear, simply passed round the hair and tied, is an extremely good and simple fashion, and, when the color is well chosen, often makes a bad, coarse brown appear richer, and the face clearer. The net, in vogue some years ago, may be a very beautiful ornament. A gold net, or one netted in colors and beads, especially light blue, is very pretty and appropriate; but the hair requires to be tastefully arranged beneath it. The slovenly habit of just brushing the hair in a tail, and then passing a net over it, so that the net hangs down long, and only half filled, will never do: no hair is sufficiently abundant to fill out a net well without some care in arrangement; at the same time, hard and ill-disguised padding is equally out of place. The hair usually requires to be waved, and then gathered up broadly and shortly, the meshes of the net being sufficiently wide to show the color of the hair within it.

It is a pity that

CAPS

are so entirely forgotten by young people. They seem to be considered only fit for servants and great-grandmothers. Even middle-aged ladies fancy that, by assuming a cap, they are renouncing youth; whereas, by continuing to expose the bald patch on their heads, and the increasing thinness of their locks, they imagine they still retain it. This is a terrible mistake. The bad taste which does not scrupulously conceal such a misfortune as a bald patch cannot be too severely condemned; at the same time, there is no reason why anything so becoming, so coquetish, and so cleanly, as some sort of cap, should not be adopted by the young. Fifty years ago, or even thirty, girls were never seen without a cap in the morning; and very pretty they looked, with the transparent halo around their rosy faces, and a blue ribbon to crown it. The modern mania for showing off the whole of the hair, in season and out of season, in the street and in the house, is of quite recent date, and has many demerits; and as the greater part of our mighty plaits are false, they are not such a "glory" after all.

FOR FULL DRESS.

I have in a previous article advocated the use of hair-powder; so that I need only repeat that this is one of the most surprisingly becoming fashions ever invented by a crafty woman to beautify herself, and only uncleanly when the powder is of a kind that clots, and is seldom or never brushed out. The powder used in the last century with such disagreeable results was a kind of meal, very unfit for our purpose; modern hair-powders are quite different. Powder is a most appropriate and beautiful ornament.

The "bands" of silk, metal, &c., worn in the middle ages across the head, in imitation of the circlets of gold termed "*bindæ*," among the Normans, are very pretty, and have been adopted among some of the ladies who admire the pre-Raphaelite style of dress. But, beyond all head-dresses, real flowers are the most perfect, and the least appreciated. Their price (in towns) and their fragility are a hindrance to many who love them; but why, when they are both loved and within one's means, are they only used at little quiet parties? while for a formal party, or a large ball, they are contemned in favor of a hideous stiff wreath of artificial ones, gummed and wired into the most unnatural directions. It has often made us angry to hear it said, "Oh, yes; a camelia or a rose in the hair is very pretty to wear at home; but it would not be proper for a *good* party!" People who say this are unworthy ever to see or touch real flowers.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ACQUITTAL OF DR. SCHOEPPE.—On Saturday morning, September 7, the jury in the case of Dr. Schoeppe returned a verdict of "not guilty," and the prisoner was discharged. The jury were out fifteen minutes. Of this remarkable case the Philadelphia Age says:—On his first trial the evidence against him was the testimony of an expert that the body of Miss Steinecke exhibited unequivocal traces of poison. Other testimony showed that Dr. Schoeppe seemed to have a pecuniary interest in her death, he producing a paper purporting to be a will made by her in his favor. On this testimony his conviction was not surprising, and reflects no discredit upon the intelligence of the jury who tried him. There was nothing before them to shake the credit of the medical testimony as to the cause of the death of the deceased. After his conviction, Dr. Schoeppe, of whom we had only heard through the notoriety of his case, addressed to us, and probably to other journalists, a copy of the testimony in the case, alleging its utter insufficiency to establish the death of Miss Steinecke by poison, and protesting his own innocence. The question of evidence was entirely technical, and we felt no confidence in our own judgment upon it. But believing an investigation due to justice, we submitted the paper to the most eminent medical authority known to us on such a question—Professor John J. Reese, of this city. His humane and professional interest in the matter prompted him to give it his consideration, which was the beginning of the movement which has rescued Dr. Schoeppe from the gallows. Dr. Reese, on the witness stand, reiterated his statement to us that the processes by which it was supposed that poison had been detected, where wholly fallacious and unreliable, and that there was no evidence to exclude the possibility that Miss Steinecke had died from natural causes. The main fact in the case being thus without proof, an acquittal followed, as a matter of course. This trial affords another example of the difficulty of proving death from the administration of poison, and shows the necessity of the utmost caution in weighing the testimony upon such a charge. Dr. Schoeppe is taking legal steps to assert his claim to Miss Steinecke's property.

STRIKES IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.—The striking mania is pervading all England. The coal miners and weavers are dissatisfied, and the London butchers, bakers, bricklayers, painters, carpenters and cabinet makers have long been on a strike for higher wages, while even the post office employees are now petitioning the authorities for better pay. The chairmakers of Wycombe, the coal men of Lowestoft, the silk weavers of Sudbury, the stonemasons of Preston, the bakers of Dublin, the engineers of Birkenhead, the china and earthenware manufacturers of Staffordshire, are all on the strike. Considering the great efforts which were made a year or two since in behalf of "arbitration" as a remedy or substitute for strikes, and the flattering prospects it once held out, this vast movement among so many trades must be disheartening to the friends of the more amicable project of adjustment.

THE NATHAN MURDER.—An old excitement is revived again in the reported discovery of a man suspected of having murdered Mr. Nathan, the New York banker—a tragic occurrence which once thrilled the whole country. The story is that the man now captured at Washington acknowledges himself to be "Forrester," which is the name commonly given to the alleged murderer. Of course, he had several aliases—Billy Forrester, Billy Marshall, Billy or Frank Campbell, Frank Harding, Frank Howard, and so on; but it is thought to be a great point that he confesses himself to be Forrester. Whether he can be shown to have committed the murder is an anxious question for the detectives who see sixteen thousand dollars reward in prospect. So many have been the false alarms of the discovery of the Nathan murderer that the public will be still cautious and incredulous.

Official returns from 393 towns in Maine give a Republican majority of 16,600.

Semi-official returns from all but four towns in Vermont, give Converse, Republican, 42,222 votes, and Gardiner, Democrat, 16,604. Majority for Converse, 25,018. The Senate is unanimously Republican; the House has 206 Republicans and 21 Greeley men.

Official returns of the North Carolina election give Caldwell, Republican, 1915 majority for Governor.

Charles O'Conor has written a letter again declining the Louisville nomination. The committee, however, have informed him that they shall continue him as their candidate, notwithstanding his declination.

BASE BALL.

ATHLETIC VS. ATLANTIC.

At Philadelphia, September 7, the Athletic defeated the Atlantic by the following score:

Athletic	0	1	1	1	2	0	1	2	0	—8
Atlantic	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—3

MUTUAL VS. BOSTON.

At New York, September 7, the Mutual defeated the Boston by the following score:

Mutual	2	0	0	0	4	2	2	0	1	—11
Boston	0	0	0	1	0	0	4	0	0	—5

ATHLETIC VS. BOSTON.

At Philadelphia, September 9, the Athletic played a match with the Boston, but rain put a stop to the playing at the beginning of the ninth inning, and the game resulted in a tie. The score stood as follows:

Athletic	1	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	—5
Boston	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	—5

MUTUAL VS. BOSTON.

At New York, Sep. 12, the Mutual defeated the Boston by the following score:

Mutual	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	—3
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	—2

☞ A little boy three years old gave a reason for his infant brother's good behavior, as follows: "Baby doesn't cry tears because he don't drink any water, and he can't cry milk!"

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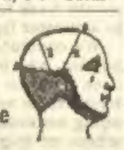

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PATENT I

WIT AND HUMOR.

RULES FOR RAILROAD TRAVELLERS.

BY "OSIS."

Always attend to checking yourself. If you feel like swearing at the baggage-master, check yourself. If you haven't a trunk full of clean clothes to check, you at least should be adequate to check-shirt.

When you vacate your seat for a moment, leave a plug hat in the seat. Some one will come along and sit down on it, thereby preventing your hat from being stolen.

Have just the change ready for the conductor. Any conductor who properly understands his duty to himself and family had rather have the change than a ticket. It has been decided by law that a conductor is not obliged to make change, although that is often all he can make.

Passengers cannot lay over for another train without making arrangements with the conductor. If a man has been on a "train" for a week or so, no conductor should allow him to lay over for another on any account.

Ladies without escort in travelling should be very particular with whom they become acquainted. They needn't be so particular with those with whom they are unacquainted.

If you have been of service to a lady you are not entitled to after recognition unless she is after it.

Keep your head and arms inside the car windows, if you would keep your head and "carry arms."

Never talk loudly while the train is in motion. It hurts your lungs and disconcerts the engineer.

Never talk on politics. It encourages some "nimshi" to take a vote of the passengers.

No gentleman will occupy more than one seat at a time, unless he be twins.

A gentleman should not spit tobacco juice in the cars where there are ladies. He can let drive out of the car window while the train is at a station, if the platform is crowded.

Always show your ticket whenever the conductor asks for it. If you get out of humor about it, don't show it.

Never smoke in a car where there are ladies. Get the conductor to turn the ladies out before lighting your segars.

Never use profane language in the car. Go out on the platform. Profanity is never thrown away on a brakeman.

If you cannot sleep yourself do not disturb the "sleepers."

Look out for pickpockets. Pickpockets are never in the car, you know, so you have to *look out* for them.

Provide yourself with sleeping-berths before starting. No careful man will start on a journey without a good supply of sleeping-berths. [N. B. Those put up in flat bottles are the best, as they are easily carried in the pocket.]

Always be at the railroad station in good time to take the train. Better be an hour too early than a minute too late, unless you are on your way to be hung.

FINANCIAL "WAYS THAT ARE DARK."

Here are two anecdotes, the first of which might be entitled "The Traveller's Revenge; a Romance of the Railroad." Once upon a time some resident upon the line of an Eastern road took umbrage at his treatment by its officers in the matter of a slain cow or an overcharge on freight. Thereafter he persisted in refusing to buy a ticket at the ticket office, and invariably paid his fare on the train, a proceeding which involved an extra ten cents on each occasion. As he was almost a daily passenger, this proceeding excited the curiosity of the conductor, who one day said—

"Why don't you buy your ticket at the office? It would save you money, and me a deal of trouble."

"I dare say," said the passenger, looking up, dryly; "but *I've got a spite against this company, and I've taken an oath that they'll never see a cent of my money!*"

The other story is told of a Buffalo hotel-keeper, who engaged a handsome, well-dressed bar-keeper, who parted his hair in the middle and wore a diamond ring. In two years thereafter the hotel-keeper became insolvent, his establishment was sold out by the sheriff, and the purchaser was none other than the bar-keeper. Out of compassion he engaged his old employer to compound the insidious cocktail and the soothing smash. In two years more the whirligig of time had brought about his revenges, and the hotel was again sold out. This time the first proprietor bought it back. But he did not re-engage that bar-keeper.

ANSWERED.

During the examination of one of the East Worcester primary schools the teacher put her pupils through a series of questions in local geography, showing their knowledge of the various streets, manufactories and branches of business. Afterward, gentlemen present were called upon for remarks, and among others one whose voice and name are well known in temperance circles. Being desirous of making a point, he spoke commendingly of the exercises, and then said—

"Boys, the're places in this city where the business carried on is to make loafers; can any of you tell me of such a place?"

There was a pause for a moment, when one boy held up his hand; the teacher told him to answer, and he shouted out, "At the p'lice office!"

The answer was not just what was expected, and the temperance application which would have followed the correct one was forgotten in the hearty laugh which followed.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE.

The more distant your friends are, the more you should call—if you want to make yourself heard.

When you take a friend home to dine with you for the first time, count the plate before you let him go home. It saves subsequent awkwardness.

If a friend wants to borrow an umbrella, send for a policeman at once and give him in charge. It will guard against a repetition of the error.

Should you happen in a discussion to find that you and your opponent are likely to take opposite views, knock him down at once, for fear you should be led into a quarrel.

Two Irishmen were working in a quarry, when one of them fell into a deep quarry-hole. The other, alarmed, came to the margin of the hole, and called out, "Arrah, Pat, are ye kilt entirely? If you're dead, spake." Pat reassured him from the bottom by saying, in answer, "No, Tim, I'm not dead, but spacheless."

A BEGGAR asked for a piece of bread and butter at a house the other day, and on a couple of slices being offered to him, he immediately refused it. "What's the matter?" asked the donor; "isn't this good bread?" "Yes; the bread's good enough," said the beggar. "Well, isn't the butter good, too?" "Yes; I've no fault to find with the butter." "Well, then, what is the matter?' "I don't like the way it's spread on," growled the fastidious mendicant.

☞ A Danbury minister perpetrated a cruel joke on a recent Sunday. One of the tenor singers had just had his hair cut very short, according to the prevailing summer fashion, whereupon the minister gave out the hymn, "Cover my defenceless head." The young man blushed, the girls ditto—and the sensation was profound.

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 36.

BODY SNATCHING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

"I advise that you take this weighted sack along—it may, and probably will, ward off detection; and be sure that you take the right key, which has just a moment ago arrived by express. You cannot possibly make a blunder, and it will be a rare case—a rare case," repeated the doctor, jubilantly smiting his palms and jerking himself about loosely in his linen coat—a habit of his when a trifle excited. "I would not miss this subject for quite a sum of money. Dan will be along before midnight, therefore make yourself comfortable until he puts in his dimensions among you. But caution—caution, boys, caution."

You understand by the foregoing that we were on the corps of those whose coat-of-arms partakes of the scalpel and meat-saw. Just then, three of us were to accommodate D. T. Downell with a subject, which he was to cut and carve for our benefit. We understood the perils and danger of discovery that would surround the operation, and, for once, I would gladly have had the forthcoming fireside lecture illustrated with the interior of a sheep.

Downell, however, for a long time, had been waiting for a subject, whose sudden death should perhaps, by the investigations of science, throw more light upon diseases of the heart. Those interested in the matter had brought word to the Medical College of M——, that a man who had dropped down dead was to be buried in the suburban cemetery of P——, and we were straightway commissioned to give untimely resurrection to the good citizen.

"Buried this morning," returning, the doctor further explained. "I rode past the burial-ground this sunrise, and they were digging the grave in the farther corner from the road, toward the clump of pines. Mind what your at, boys, for these things getting out give surviving and morbidly-sensitive relations the nightmare."

In the early evening two of the cross-boned fraternity, dressed in the smock-frock regalia of the farmer, had preceded us to exhume the remains in silent leisure; and at the middle of the night we started our express wagon, having first the chest-like box for the body with the heavy sack to place in the coffin from which the corpse was to be removed, so that in case of any changes of lots, or sudden desire to re-inter the deceased, the lightness of the narrow house might not lead to discovery; upon this was piled a dozen or more bags filled with shavings and blocks, so that we, too, might be, if met, mistaken for that honest and honorable class of our countrymen who hawk and peddle the products of the vegetable kingdom.

I have previously stated that I felt burdened by the situation, and to make matters worse my companion on the expedition was Jack Winters, a young diplomated fellow, whose animal spirits were as uncontainable or irrepressible as new beer. No matter what my emotions might be, I was liable to be attacked from behind a tombstone with a practical joke that would draw the corners of my mouth back to my ears and send my buttons in a shower from their lawful resting-place.

We concluded to dispense with the colored hostler, who brought our team around, and Jack took the reins himself. Knowing our business as well as myself, there was a sickening sensation in the belief that every one whom we might encounter might also know, pursue, and expose us.

The first disagreeable discovery at starting was, that the beast had a loose-shoe which clattered persistently, and the vehicle proved of the most talkative nature, being *tire*-some with its creaking hub-ub, and at each revolution of the wheels it seemed as if every *felloe spoke* for itself, and thus out the night air around us into direful echoes.

"This is lively," quoth Jack, "why the old cart is as talkative as a chicken, regardless of the *grave* errand on which it is sent."

We certainly made racket enough to disturb a Rip Van Winkle sleeper.

"Anybody within a three mile's circuit of the cemetery will know of our stoppage in the grove by the quiet and calm that will prevail;" farther remarked Jack.

We let the animal walk, which mended the matter considerably, but had the inconvenience of perhaps belating our expedition. How solemn the night was, with masses of ragged clouds piling upon each other and crowding up into the four corners of the heavens, making darknes thick and almost palpable. Nothing moved by the wayside, and across the lonesome fields solitary trees stood stiff and motionless, dimly defined against the somewhat lighter sky. A heavy, swelling, resounding sigh was all the echo that came from the dense piney woods.

"Jack!" said I, at length, resolved to air my ideas at any cost, "do you believe that 'coming events cast their shadows before?'"

"Let's have a smoke," said he, pointedly, dragging a huge pipe by main force from some inner receptacle.

"Because," I continued, "I don't like this expedition."

"Well, look here," remarked he, philosophically, "we're in for it—and the result will show if you are right."

By consulting our watches by match-light we found it necessary to hasten on regardless of noise.

The doctor had got an impression of a key to the main entrance to the burying-ground, which for many reasons was kept securely locked, and the duplicate had come to him from another town that morning. He had advised our stopping in the main road, so that no dents, tracks, nor such like marks might betray our movements, but we deemed it expedient to depart somewhat from his instructions, and therefore made a circuit through the grove by means of a sort of by-path; and leading our horse a trifle one side we fastened him and walked cautiously forward. I never knew a more dismally solemn quiet night. The "green cheese" had been sliced away to her last thin quarter, which small remaining piece was even now wandering somewhere about the East.

We came to the corner of the cemetery, marked by the clump of trees, and made a low, soft inquiry which was answered by an "all right." We got cautiously into the enclosure with our box, which we carried by the handles, drew out our heavy sack, helped place it in the empty coffin, laid the resurrected body in our box, dropped the lid softly, and clambered over the paling again, leaving the embryo M. D's. to fill up the rifled grave.

A feeling of relief came over me as we deposited the box in the wagon, and turned the steed toward M——. We hurried over the first three miles at a good pace.

Soon after we started, Jack remarked,

"Wish we could have got hold of that Penitentiary fellow instead of this one."

"Who?"

"A young man by the name of Medway, who was up for forgery, proved guilty, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for ninety-nine years. Family lived just across the ferry—were high-spirited and so on, and somehow got him a dose of poison, which he swallowed in his despair, and broke jail suddenly. By George! he must have voted the world a sorry humbug to tear himself away in that manner, without ever having seen the new country 'over there.' Some people affirm that he was innocent, and went insane over the disgrace and misery brought upon his sweetheart and family. There is talk of a rival laying these choice plots, but—as he's dead—I'd like to get a view of his cerebrum and cerebellum, to ascertain if mental sickness enlarges or withers the porous matter filling the skull cavities."

Jack was horribly original in these matters.

I said that we had progressed about three miles on the homeward route undisturbed, and my mental mercury had gone up many degrees, when we unexpectedly rumbled into a rut and bounced off several of our bags of sham produce.

"Whoa," says Jack, "jump out; it wouldn't do to leave those things, they would set some thick skull to puzzling out how they came there."

I had caught up a bag in each hand, when—

"Hark!" says Winters, "don't I hear something?"

I tossed in those two bags, catching a sound abroad somewhere, and grabbing the remaining one, had just got the tips of my left hand fingers hold of the back of the wagon, when Jack gasped, "I swear there is somebody coming like the deuce—either after a doctor or *us*—us, I guess;" and with this he gave our Bucephalus an up and down stroke with his whip that made a rise in horse flesh. At first I thought it was one of Jack's practical jokes to leave me behind; therefore, pinching the wagon back with my left hand digits, I began pacing the route after that horse with an even, mechanical thud, thud, thud, that bespoke great muscular precision about the instep, and threatened to unhinge every internal organ. With that strange and unexplainable persistency sometimes manifesting itself in humanity, I hung on to the bag of blocks, that leaped and pranced and badgered my heels in a maddening manner. It was not a practical joke, however, for I directly made out the quick rattle of wheels in the distance; and Jack happening to glance over his shoulder, beheld me in the dim light given by the cheese rind, and held up for an instant.

"Hulloo, old kite-tail," said he, "I thought that you were broken off. As there isn't wind enough to fly you well, get up behind somehow. Never mind the sacks—the furies are after us."

If ever I thought that I should howl aloud with horror it was when I found that the box lid had bounced open and back, and I had fallen pell-mell *amongst* the corpse; and the mad gallop at which we were going gave an impetus to the dead hands, which jostled and knuckled my face in horrible familiarity.

"Wouldn't be overhauled for five hundred dollars," gasped Jack, and the stiff-kneed gallop of the beast set the whole body of the wagon with its contents into convulsions. Jack allowed his dignity to succumb to the necessities of the case, and measured the beast's flanks with his whip-stuff, and the steed's mane and tail rose and fell and flickered and drifted like blazes of dull red fire. Meanwhile—ugh! that horrible wrestling was going on between myself and the body in the box. I couldn't get out at the rate which we were going, and I had tumbled into the deep chest in the position of a half-shut jack-knife, from which I had been bounced quite down and mixed up with the corpse. Over the ruts, the gridiron bridges, and into the hollows, with the body bounding up at me with a cold dip of the hands; and once when a watery beam from the thin moon had pierced a rent in the clouds, I would have taken oath that the dead eyes came open, stared at me and then closed. It seemed to me then that I became half unconscious, and thought that the horrible subject gasped and pushed at me with both clammy hands. Still I heard the increasing rattle of the pursuing vehicle, which driving through the main street of P—— without stopping, showed the evident fact that they really were after us.

It never would do to make direct to the medical college. Jack understood his business, and turning to the right made a circle giving us three-quarters of a mile extra riding, and drew up in the rear of Dr. D's. private suburban residence. We had had previous experience, and knew just which long low window would let us into his private office.

With the stopping of the smoking animal, I made haste to unpack myself, and bolted out at the rear of the vehicle in a lively and heterogeneous manner.

Shutting down the lid of the chest, we had dashed inside with it before the least tinge of the gray dawn was apparent.

"Never experienced such a horrible position in my life," I aspirated in a breathless manner. "The lid flew up and I fell inside the box, and that corpse and I for the last five miles have had a game of fisticuffs," and with the terrible fascination that overtakes us by times, I moved up and again raised the lid.

Yah! how I flinched and shrank back, for both eyes were ajar, shaken apart by the bouncing, no doubt, and seemed to be leering at me.

My exclamation drew Jack near. The increasing light began to make objects quite discernible. I saw Jack's coat back squirm for the whole length of the seams.

"Ugh!" he ejaculated, and with a stiff movement drew nearer and bent down.

"I swear," says he, hoarsely. "The eyes are *not* dead; the man's alive. Get out of this window, and dash for the college. Get Downell here quick. For God's sake run fast."

Didn't I? A contrary wind meeting me did my head of uncovered hair up in a moment so that it could play Hail Columbia through the strands.

The doctor of course was impatiently awaiting our return, and in about three words and two gasps I had revealed the state of affairs, and in a minute we were going before the wind in a manner distracting to connected thought.

We found Jack kneeling by the head of the body, which he had dragged upon the floor, working the two stiff arms much like the brakes of a fire-engine in his well-ordered endeavors to inflate and restore the healthy action of the lungs.

"Go ahead, Winters," exclaimed Downell, after an instant's pause of blank amazement. "Turn him a little toward his side, Joe, give a pressure here about the lungs; rise and fall so; Jack give me the arms while you unbind and chafe the extremities.

Not another word was spoken for an hour, only when Downell with the one word "brandy," jerked his head toward a small closet, and which liquid I brought, and moistened the man's lips. At the end of an hour he was breathing spasmodically but strongly, and then Downell called out to us in a fierce whisper: "For God's sake who have you got here; this is not the one referred to; he was beyond middle life."

The man before us had not got beyond his twenty-fifth year. We whispered to him all that we knew, continuing our exertions upon the yet unconscious form. "Then this person was buried later in the day, and we're in a deuce of a scrape, sure. What are we to do with him?"

His question remained unanswered, because of a violent ringing at the door. The surgeon doctor a trifle dismayed, motioned us to proceed with our labors, while he glanced from the window.

Two men were holding a spirited dispute with the servant, who affirmed that Downell was not in. A covered carriage was waiting in the street, from the window of which a deathly white face was distractedly gazing, and listening to the conversation of the others.

"George," we heard her say, for our windows were all open behind the blinds, "I can wait no longer—what if—oh, I must go in."

"The deuce is to pay," said Downell, "I must go out."

We were paralyzed in less than twenty minutes by hearing the doctor returning, and the sound of a woman's voice gasping and sobbing in company with him. Jack drew the body along behind the sofa, and we cronched beside it, for the man was now breathing regularly. There was a rustling rush across the room, a woman's feet trod recklessly among Jack's corns and my own, and in an instant her soft arms were around our subject's neck, with every prospect of stifling out the returning life.

"Oh, William—oh, William!" and the man's head was hugged to her breast—"it has been so—so dreadful"—dreamily, and she had swooned, but William had opened his eyes wide, gasped and closed them again.

Downell now came in with the necessary explanations.

"The greatest romance that you ever heard of. This is the very fellow who a few months ago was provided with rent and board for ninety-nine years. *They* say that he is innocent—that in time they can prove it—that he has an unscrupulous and murderous foe who has before sworn to ruin his life. That William's nature and constitution would illy brook six months of prison life and fare—that a celebrated and interested friend, a druggist, compounded a potion that William himself drank fearlessly, which was to produce a deathly stupor. The report of suicide got afloat, was credited, and yet the doctors had not interest enough in a criminal to care to investigate. The body was granted to the relatives, and a precipitate burial followed. The only sustaining power which bore them up through the fearful ordeal of knowing that their beloved one was being buried alive, was the fact that his unsuspecting foe and rival would be completely thrown off his guard, and could the more readily be wound up in the meshes of the net which they had spread for him. Of course the sexton was paid not to press the turf in heavily. They had been disturbed in their efforts of early exhuming the body by our medical Jacks of spades, and not readily conceiving the mission of these unlooked-for night-hawks, they had awaited their departure, when to their unqualified horror and amazement they found the grave rifled of its contents. Just one low-spoken word of the silent shovellers had given a clue to the dreadful affair. The young man's brother, his sweetheart, and her brother had been our pursuers."

"It tells like a Munchausen tale," said the doctor, "but it's none of our business—we are not minions of the law—and as we cannot now investigate his muscular cordage—why let them take him off our hands."

The girl and the subject in due time recovered their full faculties, but did not deem it advisable to leave their covert until night should veil their identity.

The rough jolting of the body had partly restored consciousness, William affirmed, and so all the erratic movements of the corpse were not as aimless as I at the time supposed.

We had to give over our subject for that time, much to the doctor's regret, but a few of us on whom he relied to furnish him with anatomy, bluntly refused, for the time being, to undertake another job.

In less than a year—you'll be rejoiced at so nice a sequel—William Medway's innocence was vindicated. And the memory of this affair is kept fresh in my mind by an occasional interesting dream of a boxing match with a corpse.

☞ A Detroit ferry-boat draws custom with a brass band.

THE IDEAL OF EARTHLY FELICITY.

ETHEL.—(who never has quite enough Jam put on her bread)—"I dare say the Queen of England eats a whole pot of Jam every day, Harry!"

Answers to Correspondents.

C. C. C., (Independence, TEXAS,) writes: "Being a reader of your intelligent POST, and finding so many interesting explanations on different topics, I wish to ask a few questions, and if you find it fit in your excellency to answer them, please comply. 1st. On going to see a lady, and having to call for her, whom should I ask to deliver the message? 2d. Asking for her company by card, what should be the form of the card? 3d. Asking a lady for the privilege of going to see her, what should be the form? Also, the form of of sending a visiting card?" 1st. Ask the person who comes to the door, in answer to your call. 2d. There is no set form. "May I have the pleasure of your company, etc., will do as well as any other." 3d. "I should be happy to have an opportunity to call on you," etc. Leave your visiting card at the door.

W. K., (Lillington, N. C.,) asks: "1st. At what age should a gentleman get married? (I mean, when is the best time?) 2d. What are the objections to relations getting married? (I mean, is it injurious in any way?) 3d. Should a person marry for love or riches? 4th. Are good book-keepers scarce or plentiful in New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and other cities North, and what are the salaries in general? I want to come North to live. I have followed book-keeping some is the reason for asking this question?" 1st. We think no gentleman should marry younger than 24, as a general rule. Of course there are exceptional cases in which it is advisable to marry younger. 2d. The marriage of near relatives is said to have a very injurious effect upon their children. There are differences of opinion on this subject, some writers claiming that there is no specially injurious effect. Such effects are probably in a measure the result of a too great similarity of temperament and constitution, which is more likely to exist between relatives than strangers. 3d. You should marry for love, but not marry at all unless you can see a fair prospect of paying expenses. 4th. The market for book-keepers is well stocked, and we think that your handwriting would prove a serious obstacle in the way of your obtaining a situation.

J. N. Q., (Spartanburg, S. C.,) writes: "I wish to know what would be my prospect of making money as a seaman. What is the usual salary of a new hand who is utterly ignorant of the trade, but willing to work hard for good wages? What is the salary of a skilful seaman? What is the wages of the different officers? Is it probable that I could get to be an officer soon, say in two years after I begun the business? Does the merchantman or the whaler offer the best wages? Is one, nineteen years of age, with an ordinary common school education, competent to fill the place of captain of a ship? What department of seamanship is it best for me to commence if I would reach the very topmast round of the nautical ladder? Would the Navy be the best place for me? What is the best thing to be done in order to get to be a sailor? Where should I go to begin the business? What is the usual wages given to the horseback mail riders in the Western country? What do you think of my writing? I know my composition is bad, but will the handwriting do for business?" You have asked a long series of questions, which we will answer as fully as our brief space will allow. As to wages, the merchant service between this country and Europe pays about 16 dollars a month to landsmen, 20 to ordinary seaman, 25 to 30 to able seaman. This refers to the ports of New York and Boston. In Philadelphia the wages range from 5 to 10 dollars less, the demand being smaller. In the Navy the wages range from 12 to 20 dollars per month for the different classes. The difference is on account of the work being much lighter in the Navy, merchant vessels running with as few hands as possible. On a whaler it is usual to give the hands a share in the profits, the share of a sailor being about the one hundred and fiftieth. This service has of late years become very precarious. It is not worth while to give you officers' wages, as it would probably be years before you would be benefited by such knowledge. Instead of becoming an officer in two years, it would perhaps take you that long to rise as an able seaman. You must prepare yourself for a life of great hardship if you follow the business of a sailor, and one the romance of which soon fades into monotony and hard work. The merchant service would probably be the best for advancement. To take a position as captain of a ship you would need to have considerable knowledge of seamanship, both theoretical and practical. Your common-school education would not be of much advantage to you. As for the department to commence in, you would not have much opportunity of commencing otherwise than as a landsman, as new sailors are called on board ship. In order to become a sailor, you would need to go to some port and ship in such service as you might prefer. As we have said, New York and Boston are the best places to ship in a merchantman. The wages of mail riders vary in accordance with the greater or less importance of the station. Your writing is poor, and is far from being a good business hand.

TROUBLED, (Austin, TEXAS,) writes: "I am a young lawyer, in a fair practice, or, at least, am making up one. I have for three years past been very much in love with a most estimable young lady, who returns my affection with all the warmth of her pure nature. But her father, for some reason to me unknown, dislikes me very much, and has done all in his power to persuade his daughter not to write or speak to me. She has refused to listen to him, and treats me with the utmost cordiality. She is nearly twenty-one years of age. I am in my twenty-second year, and, though I say it myself, am not wild nor dissipated, and (excuse the egotism) my friends are pleased to say that I am a very promising young lawyer. However, I am poor, and he is wealthy, and I suppose has conceived the idea that I want to inherit his money by his daughter, which is a vast mistake on his part. I have addressed him one letter on the subject, which he has never answered. Now do you not think him unreasonable? What would you advise me to do? We do not wish to marry for a year or two yet, but it is very unpleasant to be kept apart in this way. Can you give me the address of a reliable Pension Agent at Washington?" Our troubled friend will find, as he goes through the world, that he will have many unpleasant things to encounter, which in the end may prove to his benefit. Such unpleasant matters are often but the bitter medicines that keep the healthy. We do not think the latter unreasonable, and have no difficulty in accounting for his apparent dislike of you. A wealthy man, with an estimable daughter, has a serious responsibility on his hands, and it is his duty to examine into the motives of all her professed admirers. It is not a very unnatural suspicion that a poor man approaches a rich woman with mercenary motives; and what you consider his unfounded dislike, is probably only his distrust of your object. As you are both young, you can well afford to wait for a few years, and in the meantime by close attention to business, success in your profession, and a proper observance of the duties of life, you may reasonably hope to overcome the objections. If you are read in novel literature, you will find that the moderate pale always mounts at last in favor of the poor but *worthy* suitor. You have the girl on your side, which is a strong card in your favor. Wait and hope and work, and try to win his respect, is the best advice we can give you. We do not know the names of the Washington Pension Agents.

SAM DALE (Vicksburg, Miss.,) asks: 1st. What would be a pretty piece of music that is new and for the pianoforte, to give to a young lady? Where can it be had, and the price? Also a book to present to a girl or young lady, the price, and where it may be had? 2d. Who was Pocahontas? 3d. What is the best way to spell correctly when writing a letter, &c.? By answering the above you will oblige an old subscriber. 4th. How do I write?" 1st. There are such quantities of new music, and of readable books, constantly being published, that it would be no difficult matter to give you the names of dozens, each pretty or readable. But so much depends on the taste and degree of cultivation of the lady that we would be very likely to select something unsuitable to her. You do not tell us whether the piece desired is instrumental or vocal, whether she is a fine or an ordinary performer, whether her taste is to books runs to poetry, history or romance. There would be no use in our guessing at her tastes. Probably you had better subscribe for the Lady's Friend for her, and furnish her thus at once with music and reading matter. 2d. We do not know. 3d. You had best keep a dictionary within easy reach, and refer to it for every word of which you are in doubt. By impressing on your mind the correct spelling of such words you will be benefited. 4th. Your handwriting is fair, and might be easily improved.

G. E. M., (Pulaski,) asks: "1st. Please tell me if poems by Miss Nellie P. Houston, of Texas, have been published, and by whom? 2d. Which is considered the best publishing house in Philadelphia?" 1st. We do not know of any such publication. 2d. It is a matter of opinion—people differ.

W. H., (Hampton, N. Y.,) says: "Please give me the names of the Republican U. S. Senators who support Greeley. Are any of George Washington's children living? If so, where?" We cannot answer your first question. Editors of a literary paper are not expected to be hooked up in politics. George Washington had no children.

JONES, (Yazoo City, Wis.,) asks: "Please let me know which it is proper to say:—To-morrow is Saturday or to-morrow will be Saturday?" We cannot say with strict grammatical correctness, "To-morrow is." "To-morrow will be Saturday" is the strictly correct rendering, although the use of the other expression, in certain cases, is also allowable.

A SUBSCRIBER, (Pierreville Mills, Que.,) asks: "In what city or town of Peru, in South America, does Henry Meiggs, the great railroad king, live? We do not know. He is, we believe, no longer king, and there is no man more unimportant in these days than a deposed king.

I. P. L., (Monticello, Iowa,) writes: "I take the liberty of asking a few questions. 1st. How are the mails in large cities distributed? Is there but one post-office, and how many deliveries? 2d. How can you have the patience to answer so many foolish questions? 3d. Where does the morte cheler come from? 4th. Does an eclipse of the moon have any different effect upon the tides? 5th. What is the fare from New York to the Pacific coast? 6th. Has anything been heard from the last Polar Expedition?" 1st. There is usually but one post-office. In some cases there are sub-offices for convenience of distribution. In Philadelphia letters are delivered five times a day in the thickly settled portions, and three times a day in the suburbs. 2d. What may seem to you foolish may be of vital importance to the writer. You must not consider such things from your own standpoint, but try to place yourself in the condition and frame of mind of the writer, before you can understand why certain letters are written. 3d. We print your question as nearly as we can read it. What you really meant to write we cannot guess. Is not this within the category of foolishness to write important words in such a way that no one can make them out? 4th. None whatever. In an eclipse the moon loses none of its inherent qualities. It but loses the light which it had already borrowed from the sun. Its attractive powers are in no respect affected, and it is from the influence of this attraction that the tides result. 5th. It costs about one hundred dollars to travel from New York to San Francisco by rail. 6th. It was spoken, a few months ago, in high latitudes. It is probably now utterly beyond the limits of civilization.

(Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.)

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.

My eight, seven, six, two, is found upon your face;
My six, three, four, one, regulates your pace;
My eight, seven, five, two, is found on Europe's coast;
My whole's a name well known unto the readers of the POST.

Ft. Snelling, Minn. GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the rainbow my first you behold,
O'er my second the mariners glide.
My whole 'twixt two countries of old,
Stretched along its tempestuous tide.

Seaboard, N. C. F. E. F.

BURIED RIVERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I intend to stay with you.
We are going to New York.
There is sand on the hill.

W. S. C.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The first is dug up from the ground;
The second's in Missouri found;
The third's a well-known battle-field;
The fourth—mayhap—next winter'll yield;
The fifth you've rode in ere to-day;
The sixth a fruit brings into play.
Place the initials of these together,
'Twill name the source of a mighty river.

Ft. Snelling, Minn. GAHMEW.

WORD SQUARES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

A flowering shrub.
Likeness, statue.
Perfect participle of lade.
Deputy, substitute.
Copper coins.

II.

A musical instrument.
At a great distance.
Fury, violent anger.
Spoil, plunder.

III.

A prognostic, a sign.
A companion.
A volcano.
Low, as applied to the tides.

Seaboard, N. C. F. E. F.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.—*Prov., 15 chap. 1 ver.*

ENIGMA—Napoleon Bonaparte, Ajaccio, Corsica.

ANAGRAMS—1, New Hampshire. 2, Minnesota. 3, Delaware. 4, New York. 5, Rhode Island. 6, Wisconsin. 7, Nebraska. 8, Maine.

BURIED CITIES OF ASIA AND AFRICA. 1, Aden. 2, Sena. 3, Agra. 4, Kelat. 5, Kasho. 6, Oran. 7, Fez. 8, Herat.

WORD SQUARE—

HORN
OLIO
RIOT
NOTE

RECEIPTS.

[Recipes published by request.]

ELDERBERRY WINE.—Mrs. William Addis furnishes this recipe for making elderberry wine to the Cincinnati Gazette, which she pronounces to be good:—The berries (which must be thoroughly ripe) are to be stripped from the stalks, and squeezed to a pulp. Stir and squeeze the pulp once a day for four days; then separate the juice from the pulp by straining through a sieve. To every gallon of juice add half a gallon of cold spring water; then boil nine gallons with six ounces of hops for half an hour; strain, and boil again with three pounds of sugar to each gallon for ten minutes, skimming all the time. Pour it into a cooler, and when lukewarm put in a little toasted bread with a little yeast on it, to set it working. Put it into a cask as soon as cold. When it is done working cork it down and let it stay six months before bottling.

DRIED PLUMS WITHOUT SUGAR.—Plums can be dried in the same manner as peaches, using the sweet and less juicy varieties, and are cooked in the same manner.

PLUM LEATHER.—Mash green gages that are very ripe quite fine; remove the pits, and dry on plates in the oven. Cook as peach leather, adding sugar.

PLUMS DRIED WITH SUGAR.—Cut open sweet plums, not removing the pits; scatter over them sugar; spread the fruit on plates, and set it in a slow oven. When the sugar is taken up by the fruit, add more, and continue to do this while there is sufficient moisture to take up the sugar. Pack in jars, with paper pasted over them, and place them above the reach of mice; they will need no washing. Soak over night, and heat through in the same water. If not sweet enough to suit, add more sugar.

HERMETICALLY-SEALED NATURAL PRESERVED PLUMS.—Prepare the fruit as for other preserves. Pack them in bottles; allow a half pound of sugar to one of fruit. To every three pounds of sugar, take one pint of water, and a half teaspoonful of citric acid, dissolved in the water; stir gradually the sugar into the water, which must be melted over steam; take off all the scum; when clear, pour it over the fruit, which must be equally divided in the jars, so as to portion the syrup alike; have ready blanched kernels of plums or peaches; put in each bottle a dozen, and let them stand until the next day. If the fruit absorbs the syrup, so as to uncover the plums, add more. Leave less than two inches space. Cork, wire, and place in the water bath; let them remain one hour at a temperature of 180°, unless the fruit appears like cracking, then seal tightly, etc., as directed for other fruits.

RIPE TOMATO PRESERVE.—7 lbs. round yellow, or egg tomatoes, *peeled*; 7 lbs sugar, and juice of three lemons. Let them stand together over night. Drain off the syrup and boil it, skimming well. Put in the tomatoes and boil gently twenty minutes. Take out the fruit with a perforated skimmer, and spread upon dishes. Boil the syrup down until it thickens, adding just before you take it up the juice of three lemons. Put the fruit into the jars and fill up with hot syrup. When cold, seal or tie up.

GREEN TOMATO PRESERVES (GOOD.)—8 lbs. small green tomatoes—pierce each with a fork; 7 lbs. sugar; 4 lemons, the juice only; 1 oz. ginger and mace, mixed. Heat all together slowly, and boil until the fruit is clear. Take it from the kettle in a perforated skimmer, and spread upon dishes to cool. Boil the syrup thick. Put the fruit into jars and cover with hot syrup.